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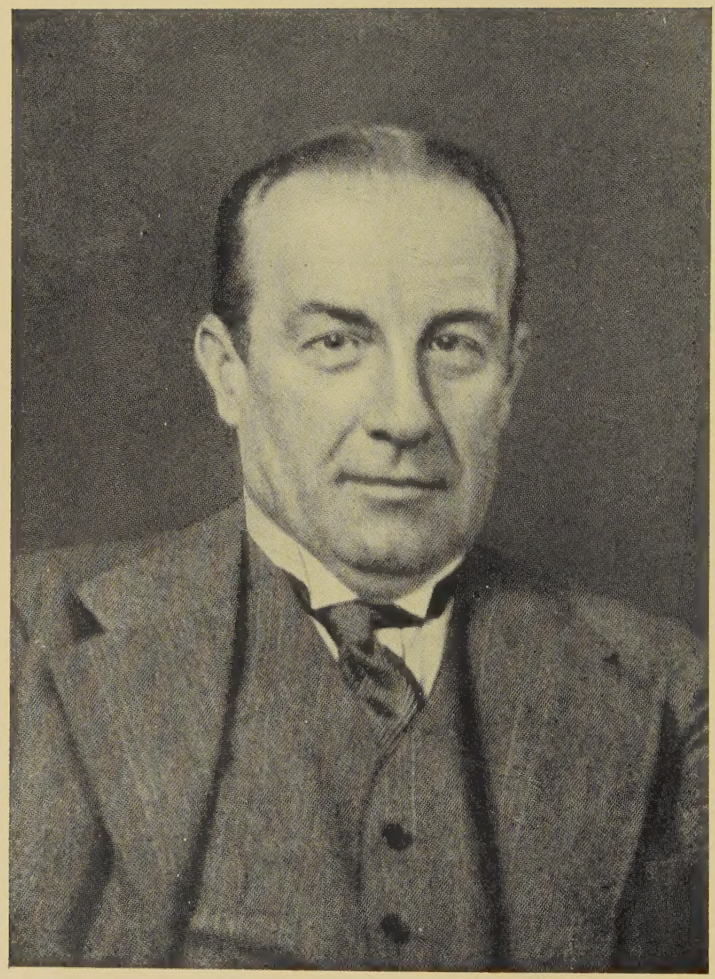

Photo by John H. Ellis.

A recent photograph taken of the Prime Minister on his visit to the Working Men's College at St. Pancras.

OUR INHERITANCE

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.
PRIME MINISTER AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY

"Providence being their guide, they builded
better than they knew"

THE RYERSON PRESS
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PREFACE

I HAVE been asked to write a preface to these speeches, which have been selected from among those which I have been called upon to make in the last two or three years. Each one of them, though made amidst the stress of many other preoccupations, bore reference to some particular occasion and had some local setting for its delivery; but here in this book it is of necessity shorn of its surroundings and appears in complete detachment both as regards time and place. Yet, as I look at the list of contents and the headings, I seem to be reading a diary of strenuous days, and each speech brings back to me its own scenery and audience. Cambridge and Cardiff, Edinburgh and Cornwall, Wiltshire and Worcestershire, Lanarkshire and London—here all without distinction side by side, yet each with what diversity, with what wealth of associations for me! Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, St. John, Halifax—to the casual reader a colourless succession of headings in a book, yet to the speaker a series of vivid memories and impressions. I see again the cliffs of Quebec rising above that majestic river, the great train carrying us onwards through boundless cornfields

in the Middle West, great cities standing where the pioneer's axe once hardly made its way, limitless forests whose fringes still recede further to make way for the industry of man.

One who enters Westminster Abbey and surveys the hoarded history of its thousand years cannot but feel richer from the consciousness it brings that centuries have gone to his making and that his roots are established in the ages. The Abbey is an epitome of England. One who visits Canada and sees her in the radiance and glory of her morning learns a new hope, a new security. It has befallen me within the last year to try in such measure as I might to make our peoples conscious of their common heritage and destiny ; and it is in the hope that these speeches may ever so little further that aim that I have ventured to send them forth again under the title of " Our Inheritance."

10 Downing Street.
20th March 1928.

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The thanks of the Publishers are due to Sir Home Gordon, Bart., and Messrs. Williams & Norgate for permission to reprint the Preface contributed by the Prime Minister to the book *Eton* v. *Harrow at Lord's*; also to *The Radio Times* for permission to reprint "Westminster Abbey"; also to various newspapers and periodicals for their published reports of speeches and addresses included in this book.

PART I

OUR INHERITANCE

HARROW SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL

Address delivered at the
Unveiling Ceremony at Harrow
on 3rd June 1926

TEN or twelve years in one's life when one is a boy seems an eternity, and it is difficult for the generation at Harrow to-day to realise the gulf that separates them from those who were here in 1914. No generation was ever at school, or probably ever will be at school again, under similar conditions or in similar circumstances to those then existing. With every boy life lies before him in a vista almost of eternity in expanse and in duration, and many of his dreams are filled with what may happen to him in those vast and spacious years when he escapes from the petty thraldom of school or the wider thraldom of a university. Of all those in 1914, as every schoolmaster knows and every parent knows, every boy, though he seldom acknowledged it, knew that he had to pass literally through the valley of the shadow of death, and he knew that he might never emerge from it. That knowledge left marks on the character of thousands of Englishmen that will never be obliterated, however long they live, and I often think that if the

generation of 1914 could send a message across the years to the generation of 1926 they would speak to us in the words used by Socrates when he left the courts under the sentence of death, and said, " And now the time is come for us to go our ways, I to death and you to life; but which of us hath the better lot is known to none but God."

It is hard to say which is the better lot. Death is easy and life is very hard. It is not going to be an easy life for those who are now entering upon, or are on the point of entering upon, manhood in this country, in Europe, in this world to-day, provided, I mean and take it for granted, that you are going to play your part in this world. Many forces of good and of evil were loosed in 1914, forces that were not bound at the time of the Armistice, and there is a strange leaven at work to-day among all the nations of the world. Just as at the time of the Renaissance the age devoted itself to intellectual enquiry, so to-day it is devoting itself and will devote itself to social enquiry, and all of you will have to justify yourselves to the country and to the world; to justify yourselves for the advantages you have received, and to prove yourselves worthy of them in the sight of all men.

There is one question that will hammer at all our hearts for many years to come. We have heard it often, a question that the dead themselves might ask: " Have we died in vain? " and the question you hear asked by mothers and widows

and orphan children all over the world. I have got to give an answer and you will have to give an answer. The answer we can give will depend upon what superstructure we can build upon the foundations that have been cemented in their blood. It will be hard work, and it will be hard work to prove to the world, that those deaths have not been in vain, for there is no toil like that of trying to mend things, trying to make the world better and happier. Time after time you will find your work destroyed, you will find your best efforts misunderstood and you will be derided; and yet, in spite of all that, you know perfectly well there is nothing for it but to go on in faith if you mean to accomplish anything.

You cannot hope, and perhaps you ought not to hope or expect, to see in your lifetime the result of your work, but of this I am convinced, that if you can take into the world the best spirit of this place; if you will take into the world the lesson that I need not preach to you, but which your innermost consciousness will teach you when you look at that Memorial by yourselves sometimes and let yourselves think about it; if you will take that lesson into the world and devote your lives to England as those others gave their death, then indeed the answer to the heart-searching questions may be found not to-day or to-morrow, but possibly a century or two centuries hence, when it may be that the historian, seeing the events of to-day in

a truer relation and perspective, may be able to write something like this : " At that time a generation indeed was wiped out, but from their graves sprang a rebirth and a new kindling of the spirit that raised our country to heights which surpass the dreams of those of her sons who in past ages had sacrificed most and had loved her best."

FREEDOM

Speech delivered at Kingsway Hall at the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Junior Imperial League
19th June 1926

It has often struck me, in trying to lay my finger on the difficulties and danger-spots of the present day—and that, of course, is one of my duties—that among the many causes of the present discontent you may put this : We are living in an age in which there has been a greater development of material advantages of all kinds than there has ever been in a similar space of time in past ages. Do not let that fact make us conceited ; you never know quite how much you are building on a foundation laid for you by others. In this century alone we have seen the development of motors, telephones, of gramophones, of enormously increased use of electricity for industry and in the home, and, last and most wonderful of all, the development of wireless, which is still in its infancy. And it is perfectly natural, when people see such progress being made in the various fields of human effort and human life, that they feel there must be some short cut to a general improvement in our material conditions and in the relationships of human life.

It is most natural, but it is fallacious. Now, in the part which you play and are destined to play, you stand not only to support a great party, but to give your support in that most valuable form, the form of educating and influencing the public opinion in those parts of the country where you live. And nothing is more valuable. You will find that the greatest enemy you have to combat is ignorance, and you will find that, just as ever since the world began there have always been many men who have looked out for an easy way to get their livelihood, so you will find to-day, until you have helped to succeed in dispelling that ignorance, a large number of people who will obtain a profitable livelihood by exploiting that ignorance and preying upon it. As I have often said, we are moving along in this country—possibly in others, but certainly at home ; we are moving along by a process of evolution into conditions and relations of life in industry and socially which will be very different from those which existed in the last century and in previous centuries.

There is no prophet who can predict the ultimate form into which these relations will come. But we do know that you are much more likely to obtain better conditions in this country by pursuing certain paths than by pursuing others, and the condition of the generation ahead of us for the next thirty years must depend very largely on the work that you and others like you do in this country.

The future is in your own hands, and you have to realise that these years in which we are living, the years into which we are entering, are going to be, as no years before have ever been, the real testing-time of democracy. In the latter part of the last century they talked a great deal about democracy. Real democracy lay ahead of them. We are in it now, and we are going to advance into it more ; and I think myself it is a good sign that so many people are taking the keenest interest in politics.

Of course, according to our view, many people take the wrong interest in them. But if that be so, that is all the more reason that we should take a right view and try to teach them better, because, after all, whatever democracy may have to show as the years of the century go on, it can only be determined, as I said five minutes ago, by what you and your contemporaries make of it. There has never been in this world a perfect instance of democracy at work, and, therefore, all the greater is your responsibility. We in this country may make a fearful mess of it ; and if we make a mess of it, we shall get something much worse—we shall get a tyranny of some kind or other. I don't know what form of tyranny it may be. It may be the communist tyranny ; it may be tyranny from the other end. But if you cannot evolve a sound and sane democracy, that will be the fate of the country.

If I were to be asked what two of the root prin-

ciples are which we should always keep in view in trying to decide on a political issue, in judging of legislation, in judging of political action, I think I should say common sense and the preservation of what always has been the most precious thing in this country—individual freedom. If you apply these tests, you will seldom go far wrong. There are many people to-day who think you can cure the ills of the world by legislation: but you must examine the legislation they propose to see whether it is adapted to the practical experience of daily life, whether the freedom of the individual is affected by it. And if you cannot be satisfied on those points, you may be quite sure that that legislation in the long run will do more harm than it will do good.

And so I would urge you all to think for yourselves, to think clearly and accurately and fairly. And remember there always has been in this country in the past the right of the individual to earn his own living in his own way and to do what he pleases with his life, provided always that he does nothing to injure any other man. I spoke the other day in the country about foreign ideas and influences being at work in this country, and I said I have no objection to ideas because they were foreign, but I did feel this: that the conception of freedom in our country was one so precious, so hallowed, it has been obtained as the result of such age-long struggles, that I felt convinced that in no other country, what-

ever advantages in other respects they may have over us—in no other country was freedom treasured and regarded as it was in this country, and in its attainment there was no country in the world that had anything which in all circumstances it could teach us. That I believe to be absolutely true, and if you study the history of our country from the earliest days you will find that, whatever mistakes we have made, whatever we have suffered from, there are no two things so alien to our people as tyranny and intimidation. Neither of them has ever taken root in England, nor I believe ever will.

If you look at a doctrine which is being preached to-day in certain parts of the Continent, and even here, the teaching of communism, you will find that, whatever else may be said about it, it is a system in which there can be no freedom as we understand that word in England. It is a system that can only be ordered by an iron discipline, and no system that requires an iron discipline is adapted to our people. I want to put that thought into your minds to-night, particularly that thought of freedom, personal liberty and individual freedom. It was the battleground of long, hard struggles in this country many generations ago, and after we believed that the principle was safe in our country, people took it for granted. But do not fail to notice the sinister signs of a campaign against that liberty in those doctrines of which I have been speaking. I mention it to enlist your ardour and your en-

thusiasm in teaching people in this country not to put in peril for a moment what our forefathers believed to be the most precious heritage which had come down to them and which they in their turn handed down with the greatest confidence and pride.

It is more than two hundred years ago since an English poet used these words :

> Freedom ! which in no other land will thrive—
> Freedom ! an English subject's sole prerogative.

Freedom had been obtained before he wrote those words, and though perhaps they have in them a little of that complacency which the foreigner accuses us of having when we regard our own political constitution, yet they contain a very profound idea, and one which, I think, we may bear in mind to-day to the advantage of ourselves and the advantage of the country. We stand for ordered freedom. That is the English method. It is our oldest tradition. But freedom never means licence, the other pitfall of democracy at the opposite pole to tyranny. Freedom is not licence, and to make sure that freedom in the bulk of the people does not degenerate into licence, you must make sure that the individual is fit for the enjoyment of freedom by practising self-discipline himself. And that, I think, is what you are trying to do. I am delighted to see the attention you pay to preparing yourselves to be more efficient for the work that you have to do, making yourselves into citizens who,

by disciplining themselves, are learning to obey, before they rule. In that way every one of you, as you go out into the country, are yourselves units competent to make a strong, progressive, sane and free democracy.

This is a testing-time for democracy. The future of our country and of our Empire both together equally depend on how the ordinary man and woman of the country and the Empire, those into whose hands political power has been committed, those whose hands can guide and steer the ship—it all depends on how they are going to use that power. I am convinced myself that the intentions of the people of this country are to use that power well. But in managing things in this world you want to bring in head and heart, and I want you who are amply dowered with both to mingle with your enthusiasm knowledge as time goes on, and experience, so that in your work you may speak of what you know, and that you may make your influence felt, the influence of speech, the influence of persuasion, and, above all, the influence of your own lives as citizens in this great country. Then, when the time comes that those of us who have been speaking to you this evening are gone, when our work is finished, you may be able to look on your own work and feel that it is good, and that you are handing on to your children and to your children's children a tradition still better and still finer than that which we were enabled to hand down to you.

THE BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE

Speech delivered at the Dinner of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom 16th February 1927

I CANNOT help being struck with your motto on the outside of the programme, and I would render it into English, rather freely, " The safety of this realm lies in the mastery of the sea." I would use that word " mastery " in two senses—the mastery that ensures that every man who goes to sea in pursuit of his lawful occasions shall do so without fear. Secondly, the mastery of the sea by the English seaman. That very sentiment was put into words which have flown across the centuries since they were first uttered by that great seaman, Walter Raleigh : " There are two ways by which England can be affected. One by invasion, the other by the impeachment of our own trade. Invaded or impeached we cannot be but by sea." Now, with the memories of the Great War fresh in our minds, many of us cannot have failed to ask ourselves whence has come that mastery of the sea, to which your very presence here pays tribute. It is many generations ago that " the spirit moved upon the face of the waters," and one

of those mysterious impulses in history arose, and the men who had plied their boats in the neighbouring waters of the Baltic found themselves driven out, obeying what instinct they knew not, into the wide seas of the world, until the long boats with the high prows, and the single sail and the banks of oars were known at the Piræus, at Constantinople, on the rivers of Russia, in the Black Sea and among the icebergs of Greenland as well as they were known in their native fjords of Scandinavia.

They came to England. They were men who were, as our people are to-day, mariners, fighters and traders. There were no slaves to row the galleys with the mailed men on board. Every man was a sailor and a warrior. It may not be familiar knowledge that those Norsemen, when they arrived in England, would often mount the nearest horses at hand, and they became the first mounted infantry and irregular cavalry in our land. Indeed, they must have been the originals, not only of the Marines, but of the Horse Marines. They settled in Lancashire, in Yorkshire, and in Northumbria, and they settled on the East Coast and they drove their galleys up the Seine into the heart of the fair land of France and founded one of her greatest, one of her most famous, one of her most beautiful provinces, that is Normandy, from which, two generations later, somewhat Gallicised, they returned to this country and succeeded in conquering the

whole of it and joining hands with their cousins who had landed there some sixty or seventy years before. Their galleys, now disappeared and broken into fragments, have been shattered on the beaches of the world; and the Norsemen themselves, their bones are dust, but they have left behind two imperishable heritages. They have left the word "law"—in this country unknown till they came—and they have left a tradition, a maritime tradition, which has built up this country and Empire.

Centuries passed, and this country was slowly welding itself together and learning to speak a common language, torn with intestine troubles, with civil war, fighting on many fields on the Continent. It passed through a brief period of exhaustion, when these people turned in to look upon themselves and their own lives—the preface to the most glorious maritime period in our history until we come to the present day—that great Elizabethan age when the next impetus of the sea moved as mysteriously across this country as it had five centuries before across the people of the North.

At that time the centre of commerce and maritime power lay in that inland lake, the Mediterranean. Caravans were slowly creeping across Asia and landing their cargoes at the Levantine ports, whence oared galleys conveyed their products to Venice and Genoa. But while these very things were happening, the navigators of Italy, Spain,

England, Portugal and other countries were pushing out in their little boats across the oceans, and suddenly the nations of Western Europe found that they were looking out to new continents and new worlds towards the West, and that lake in the centre of Europe became forgotten as Europe first learned the secret of the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea. At that time we were twice blessed. We were blessed in this, that the most virile, the most chivalrous of our people, whether they were of the gentry, or of the middle classes, or of the lower classes—to use those old invidious expressions—were all stirred to go to sea and to adventure, and there was no Government interference. It was all done by the freedom of the individual. Government did nothing except that we had a Queen—a great Queen—who conceived her function to be, in the words of the historian, to recognise, to love, to further and to guide, and what better text could a Government have regarding the shipping of their native country ?

Then began in this country that brotherhood of the sea—the English seamen. There was no class pride among them ; there was no feudalism ; it was a common brotherhood of the sea, held together, it is true, by the strict discipline that is necessary to face the perils of seafaring. But all seamen, as seamen, were equals in glorious adventure, and as each private adventurer—often himself of humble station—left this country on voyages, to make

which required courage difficult for us to realise to-day, at a time when any day you might expect to meet a mermaid or a sea-serpent, or men walking with their heads beneath their arms, every little expedition that left this country caused our Queen to write letters herself on their behalf to every potentate throughout the world of whom she had ever heard. She wrote to the Emperor of China, the Emperor of India, the Emperor of Japan, the Czar of Muscovy, the Grand Turk, and the Sophi of Persia and to countless unheard-of potentates in Asia and in Africa.

You will all remember, probably, how Frobisher, an unknown man at that time, sailing off into the blue down the Thames, looked up from his little pinnace to the windows of Greenwich Palace as he passed by and there saw the Queen standing at the window waving her handkerchief to him, the last emblem that he might see of his native country until the kindness of the years and the wind and the seas should bring him home again.

How the names of that age to-day ring again in our hearts and cause us to stand an inch or two taller for the sake of the name of our native country! Drake! We think of him when he climbed the tree in Panama and saw spread before him the Pacific and the Atlantic, and we can see him kneeling on the top of the cliff looking out on the stormy seas of South America. Hawkins, Raleigh and Humphrey Gilbert with his little fleet whose names are still a

joy to us—the *Delight* of forty tons, the *Golden Hinde* of forty tons, the *Swallow* of forty tons, and his little pinnace, which he called the "frigate," of ten tons. It was in the *Squirrel* that he coasted the shore of North America when he was mapping out that territory before he returned home on that last journey when he disappeared from the eyes of his fleet and went down in the deepest part of the Atlantic. Then there was John Davis, whose exploration of the Arctic Seas will never be forgotten, and who met his death at the hands of pirates whose lives he himself had saved but twenty-four hours before in the far seas of the East. We used to read these things when we were boys, and we used to think sometimes that those ages had passed. We used to read of Sir Richard Grenville and his fight for fifteen hours, with ninety sick men lying on the ballast, and one hundred men-at-arms, who for fifteen hours held fifty-three ships of the Spanish line at bay and fought until forty of that hundred were dead. Nearly all the rest were wounded. Sir Richard was dying; the last ounce of powder had been spent, and every pike in the ship was broken.

The Elizabethan age passed away, and the fame of this country on the sea was held through the centuries by the Royal Navy. Had it not been that in happier times the names of the stars had been given to them, what bright constellations might have been named after the seamen who held pride

of place in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries! Yet, great as those ages were—great as were the Vikings and great as were the Elizabethans—there has been nothing in our past history more calculated to stir the blood of future generations to blaze out the path for English seamen than what happened on the seas of the world from 1914 to 1918.

I am here not to speak of the Royal Navy, but of the Merchant Service, and the Merchant Service is akin to the Elizabethan sailors. The Merchant Service in those years was full of Sir Richard Grenvilles, and they were found in every class. Let me remind you—some of you may know of them, but these facts as yet have never been published—of just one or two incidents out of numberless ones that happened in those years.

Take the case of Captain Day, of the *Dundee*, who met the German cruiser *Leopard*. Day was in command of the *Dundee*. She belonged to the armed boarding class, and the job of the armed boarding class, as many of you know, was to go alongside doubtful ships, to find out exactly what they were, out at sea. They were sent there in a way as decoys, because of the danger of submarines. It was not thought wise to risk a Royal Navy ship—a cruiser, it might be—to inspect a doubtful ship, lest she should be torpedoed before she had a chance of finding out what that ship was. The very essence of their instructions was to be

prepared to take the first bump, and very often they did it.

On the 16th March 1917 Captain Day was patrolling with the cruiser *Achilles*. They were in a high northern latitude, in bleak and cheerless weather, when a steamer was sighted on an easterly course. The Captain of the *Achilles* ordered Captain Day to close and examine her, which he did. The unknown steamer signalled that she was the Norwegian steamer *Rena*. Captain Day looked her up in Lloyd's list, and his suspicions were aroused. There was a ship of that name on the Norwegian Register, but she was only 3,000 tons. The vessel ahead of him, it is true, was end on. But Captain Day's experienced eye warned him that the bridge and upper works of the stranger belonged to a much heavier vessel. His suspicions were well founded, for the newcomer was the German auxiliary cruiser *Leopard*, which was endeavouring to slip into the Atlantic to support the submarine campaign in home waters by a vigorous attack against the ocean trade routes.

Captain Day was assisted by men of a courage equal to his own. He let his officers know his suspicion, and at once Lieutenant Lawson, Royal Naval Reserve, offered to board the newcomer—an act of deliberate courage which cost him his life. Meanwhile the *Dundee* and all her crew were in a position of extraordinary danger. The two ships were close together, and if the German

cruiser could have brought her broadsides to bear, one discharge from the guns would practically have destroyed the armed boarding steamer. Captain Day was absolutely determined that that broadside never should be fired, and it never was. While Lawson and his boat's crew were pulling across to the suspicious ship, the German captain made every effort to turn the ship so that his broadside guns would bear. Whenever he saw the swirl and froth from the screws of the suspicious ship, Captain Day signalled to his engine-room and steamed ahead or astern, and manœuvred his ship, always with the same determination, to keep astern to the stranger. The German captain's patience gave way at last. He fired a torpedo at the *Dundee* and so showed his hand. Captain Day at once replied, blazing away with his " pop-guns." The *Dundee* was hopelessly out-matched, but the *Achilles* was not far off. If the fight could be drawn out while she could open fire on the raider, the *Dundee* would be saved.

Captain Day's admirable seamanship enabled him to prolong the fight. For a whole half-hour he grimly held to his position astern of the *Leopard*, and fired his foremost gun into the afterpart, and when finally he left his position to join the *Achilles* and faced the *Leopard's* broadside, the German raider was so shaken by the galling, raking fire that her terrible discharge fell short, and the *Dundee* escaped. When, finally, Captain Day handed over

the raider to the *Achilles* for destruction, the German cruiser was blazing from the fire set up by the *Dundee's* shells. The preliminary action between the armed boarding steamer and her powerful antagonist ranks, I am told by naval men, with the finest achievements of the British frigate captains of an earlier age.

I will take only one more instance, and in giving these two instances one realises how feeble any description can be of actions of which, if they were all told and told in truth, all the volumes which might be published in the world could not contain the record.

I have spoken of the *Dundee*, and now a word about the *Clan MacTavish*. The skipper was a Captain Oliver. I hope there is nothing distinctively Scottish about that. It was a January day, half-way between Madeira and the Canaries, when Captain Oliver sighted two vessels on a southerly course off his port bow. He allowed them to come up to him, thinking they were probably going to South America. He discovered that one of them was the German cruiser *Moewe* with a battery of 6-inch guns. His armament consisted of a single 6-pounder. Whether it was the atmosphere of the Azores, I do not know, but he did exactly what Sir Richard Grenville would have done. He got the 6-pounder to work. He turned his ship ; he gave orders to fight, and he fought his 6-pounder with such good effect that he severely

damaged the *Moewe's* forepart before he was finally compelled to haul down his flag. His bitter resistance made a deep impression on the Germans. The German captain of the *Moewe* writes this : " When the Master reports to me, I take him severely to task for his criminal behaviour. The Master states that he disclaims all personal responsibility—he had received orders from his Government to get his ship through to England. Furthermore, he had been provided with a gun, and he regarded it as his obvious duty to use it." And then the German captain says : " I must own that I appreciate the loyalty with which this old Scottish sea-dog stuck to his principles, and I shook him by the hand." When you remember that probably that man, and his men, in common with the rest of the Service, were generally without military training, and their opponents almost invariably more heavily armed than they, what a miracle of courage, what a manifestation of that spirit that had been inherent in our people for a thousand years, that they always elected to fight !

These were not the only examples ; the fishermen of this country went out minesweeping with the same quiet, wonderful heroism as the merchant sailors, who without complaint, without talk, without boasting, returned to sea, time after time, as long as breath was in them ; they never failed to return after they had been torpedoed and their

ships sunk. What for, Gentlemen? To provide this country, as their work does at all times, with the food and the raw material always necessary for our existence, but twice and three times as necessary in those years when our supplies were menaced by a threat without precedent in British naval history. Such heroism has made us—us landsmen, and particularly, may I say, one like myself, an inlandsman—more proud than ever of all those who go down to the sea in ships. It has rekindled all our old pride, and it has filled us with a new pride to feel that we have been fellow-countrymen and contemporaries of such men as I have endeavoured to describe. I think that no fairer hope of the future of this country, and of the confidence with which she may look to emerge from all her difficulties, social, industrial and commercial, can be found than in this—that we have with us such a leaven of men of this quality. Indeed, I am glad, sir, of this opportunity to express thanks to those who are here to-night, and to many who are not, for the fresh efforts they have made on behalf of their country within the last few weeks: to the shipowners for the way in which they have placed their shipping at the disposal of the Government with regard to China, and to all the men who worked on those ships for the work they did in order that the ships should be ready in time, because they believed that the men who were going in those ships might be necessary for

the help and assistance of their fellow-countrymen over the seas.

You could have done me no greater honour than to have allowed me to share in this jubilee festival of the great shipping trade. I wish prosperity to you and to everyone connected with shipping. I am confident that in the hands in which the direction of shipping rests to-day, with the men who sail the seas, the future of that industry was never more secure and more certain than it is to-day.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Appeal for Funds
1st July 1927

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is linked with the history of the English-speaking peoples as is no other building in the world. Built by English kings, with the craftsmanship of English workmen, this great church provided the Chapel of the Pyx for the Treasury, her Chapter House for the sittings of Parliament and her chapels for the burying of her kings.

It is hard for us to realise the Westminster of the thirteenth century. Where the omnibuses swing round by St. Margaret's Church and along that busy road to Lambeth Bridge, Henry III, the founder of the Abbey as we know it, planted an orchard of pear trees that he might see the white walls rising through the blossom as he watched his masons at work from his palace in the spring. The monastery is gone, the fields are gone, the orchard of pears is gone, but the Abbey is ours, darkened with age, with a beauty against which Time is powerless, the spectator of six centuries of ceaseless striving, of splendid successes, of splendid failures, of dreams and of achievement. By her altar our kings have been crowned ; under her roof we have

given thanks for our victories ; under her roof we have mourned our dead.

Is there a man or woman who has kneeled in that crowded nave upon some occasion of national sorrow or rejoicing who will not bear witness to the spirit which is abroad in the Abbey at such moments, the sense of unity, the corporate sense of a people united under God ?

DEMOCRACY AND ITS TASK

Speech delivered at the Dinner of the Cambridge University Conservative Association 4th March 1927

SINCE 1918 this country has become a democracy. Millions of new voters were enfranchised in 1918, and for the moment there is a real risk that the status of our electorate has got a little bit ahead of its culture, and that is a very serious thing. If you agree with me in that, then the greatest work of all that lies before us is to make that democracy fit for its task.

There is nothing sacred about the word democracy any more than about any other long word derived from the Greek. It is merely used to define a political conception, and there is no instance in history where a thorough democracy has succeeded in holding together an empire for any period ; and that novel task is one that we have got to do, and make ourselves fit for. There is no finer raw material in the world than our own people. There is no people more fit to hold an empire. There is no people more capable of doing so. There is no people with a surer political sense ; but you must remember that, however innate that sense may be,

there are large masses in this country who have not, from the nature of things, yet had time to develop a keen political sense themselves. And they are only too prone to be led away by really skilful and clever propaganda designed by appealing to their better qualities, to lead them to ends they would be the last to desire if they realised what those ends were.

A great deal of the kind of propaganda that circulates in England to-day is alien, and all that propaganda that has for its basis class hatred, and which is being worked so hard to-day—none of that is indigenous to English soil. It is growing here in places, but it comes from abroad, and has come principally from Russia. I think that the leaders of the Labour Movement have done their own people a great disservice in having failed to explain to them, at the time when the Bolshevists first secured power in Russia, what Bolshevist Government was. They have by their silence, if not by their words, allowed them to believe that Bolshevism has really been a kind of triumph of Labour Government comparable in some ways to what might happen in this country if our Labour leaders came into power. They have never explained to them that what Bolshevism did was to destroy the first liberal Government that was set up in Russia ; it destroyed the first Socialist Government by force, and has kept every movement sympathetic with it under foot by force, and force alone, ever since that day.

I think you see the result of the kind of teaching

which I have endeavoured to describe, and that kind of false impression in some observations that were made the other day by a thoroughly kind-hearted man, Mr. George Hicks, President of the Trades Union Council. He made a statement which, as I read it, seemed to imply that it really did not much matter what happened to the thousands of British people in China during the civil war, because they were not bricklayers or mechanics; they were merely clerks or tradespeople. I think the lamentable thing about that is to see a fair-minded Englishman poisoned to this extent, that, when it comes to a question of danger to Englishmen, he stops to ask what class those Englishmen are before he can give them his sympathy. That is all wrong. But mark this—it is a step in the process of evolution. Mr. George Hicks is not a Bolshevist. The Bolshevists go one further. He is only in the half-way house. The first step is to say that no one deserves protection unless he is a working man, and it is a very easy transition from that to say that no working man deserves protection unless he shouts your slogan. And that is what it is in Russia. We have got to take care, with propaganda of the kind that we know is now circulating among the Communists and the extremists to-day, that those who have already got as far as the half-way house do not find themselves the whole way over the border before they know where they are.

Politics without ideals are no use at all. How far you can realise them I do not know. There is, I think, a very great ideal which we can hold before us, and I do not quite see who can adopt it if we cannot, and that is the ideal to make our democracy a real, true democracy which will last. Now, as I said, no real democracy with such a basis as we stand on to-day has lasted, and the reason, I think, is not far to seek. For the perfect democracy it is essential —and I fear we shall never get this—that every man and woman in the country should realise his or her responsibility for the government of the country ; and in so far as each individual, however humble, neglects that duty, and indeed, if that neglect goes very far, leads what is called an anti-social life—to that extent they are preventing the ideal democracy from functioning. Until every man and woman is determined that they will accept responsibility for the government of their country—and most of them can only do it by a wise choice of a member to represent them—until that happy time comes, the mass of those who have not accepted that responsibility will be liable to be led away by anyone with a sufficient gift of tongues to captivate them.

That has always been the great danger to democracy on a broad franchise. A sane, sober element has been beaten time after time by a demagogue getting hold of just those elements that will not train themselves for a task that sounds so simple, but which is in reality so difficult—to help a govern-

ment in a democratic country. It is a far more difficult constitution than a monarchy, absolute or limited, or an aristocracy. Either of these may take the responsibility from the people, and the Government may be good or it may be bad, but, the people having no responsibility, and feeling no responsibility, that Government goes on, and order is maintained, and you take your chance of the quality of your ruler or of your aristocracy. The moment you come to a democracy, there is no shirking responsibility. You have got to take it on your own shoulders, and I think the fact that all of you, with so much to distract you as there is at Cambridge when you are up as undergraduates—the fact that you are willing to devote such time as you do to serious politics by joining this Association, and as many of you do by speaking and taking part in politics, shows that here at least you do realise this responsibility. You realise it, at any rate, so far as yourselves are concerned. What I want you to do is to realise—as at least some of you do—your responsibilities to all those outside who have not had the opportunities that you have had in Cambridge. There is the task, and it is a hard one. But not only is it one that is worth doing, it is one that, if not attempted and done, will bring on the rising generation the responsibility for the decline of this country.

We took on an enormous responsibility in 1918, and we are trying to face the most difficult con-

ditions that the world has ever had to face, and we are trying to face them with a house at home very often divided against itself. That is inevitable in the clash of opinions ; but with one element in the country which is out all the time to undo our handiwork by preaching class war and hatred where we preach peace and a united people, and by trying to pour that poison into people who have suffered, and are suffering, from unemployment, from short time, and from all the ills that are inseparable from such a period of reconstruction before we have had time really to weigh up the problems of all sides on which from time to time we are asked to pronounce judgment—it is the duty of us, and of you, and of those like you, to see that the antidote to those poisons is administered for the health, not only of the body politic, but of the soul of that body politic.

This is the first time at a gathering of this kind that I have seen Girton and Newnham represented. Now, in the House of Commons, we make no difference between men and women, and I should not have made this allusion to-night except that it gives me an opportunity to say one thing to Girton and Newnham, and that is, that I think, important as such work as I have endeavoured to describe is by men and among men, the work among women is, if possible, more important, and can be best done by women ; and the reason is this. A complete democracy rests on men and women, and, whether it be a good thing or a bad, women are now

in the political arena. We are all there together, and it is essential that women as much as men should be educated for their share of this great responsibility and this great task. The woman is the one who always gets the heavy end of the stick when troubles come from mismanagement by her man. Who gets the heavy end of the stick in the general strike? The woman every time. And who is it gets the heavy end of the stick if Bolshevist propaganda wins out in this country? The woman every time. That is the reason why our propaganda should be directed to them to-day more closely, more ardently, than it has ever been before. Because it may well be that women, especially those who live in poverty, and who feel more often than their men do the constant grind and effect of poverty in the home—it may well be that they may be more ready to jump at any form of remedy that can be put before them by the smooth and clever tongues of those who propagate alien heresies in our country; that is the more reason that they should be armed with knowledge, and that knowledge can best be brought to them by their own sex.

The struggle in this country for peace is going to be a long one, and it is going to be a long one because the whole effort of the extremists is not to have peace, but war. With a contented democracy they can do nothing, and the only chance of extremism coming into power is by upsetting the existing constitution, and they can only do that on a

basis of discontent and class hatred. They will never be successful in this country: of that I am convinced; but they will not relax their efforts until they are beaten, and they do not know it yet. That is the reason for the attacks they make on us, on me, and on the rest of our leaders, because they want to discredit us and our motives among those whose votes they hope to secure. That progaganda again will not be successful, but it has got to be fought, and fought this year and next year until the election; to be beaten at the election and to be fought after that until it is conquered for good, and it can only be beaten by the higher appeal which we can make and by hard work. Our ideals are peace. Peace we work for, peace some day we shall secure. We work to try to make the soul of this new democracy worthy of the enormous trust that has been given to it, and to try to build in this country such a foundation that the people who come after, however they may think we have failed in our accomplishment, may yet say that, so far as we did build—and it was only foundations—yet that building was good, and the foundations had in them enough human energy, enough human faith and enough human love to bear the superstructure that the happier generations had raised upon them.

SCOTLAND

Address delivered on the Occasion of receiving the Freedom of Edinburgh 7th June 1926

My Lord Provost, there is, as I have said in other cities, no greater honour that can be paid to those who engage in public work than the gift of the freedom of a city. How much greater is that gift when it comes to an Englishman from the Capital of Scotland! Freedom, of course, as most of you know, means freedom to go on working, and I take it that in making this presentation to me, what is in the minds of the people of Edinburgh, irrespective of party, is this, that they would say to the Prime Minister for the time being: "You are in office. We may or may not agree with you, but you have been put there by the suffrages of your fellow-countrymen, and until you are turned out by constitutional methods, until then we certainly hope that you may be able to do good work for our common country." Now, my Lord Provost, you paid a very pretty tribute to one or two efforts of mine in speeches and addresses, and you may remember that in addressing an English audience once I ventured to say that the Englishman

was a great man as long as he was content to be an Englishman, but that when he tried to be somebody else he made a dismal failure of it. I wonder if I dare say in the Capital of Scotland what I feel so strongly as one who has a profound admiration for the characteristics of the Scottish race. Let the Scotsman be content, as I think he generally is, to be a Scotsman, and not attempt to be anything else—and let him contribute to that common stock that makes up the character of the British race.

Let him contribute those sound and peculiar characteristics of his own that come down from the North as a wholesome salt to purify and strengthen. And if I might just for a few minutes say where I think you can peculiarly help us by what you contribute to the common stock, I should venture to say that you can contribute a love of thrift—of which I will say one word—a love of education for its own sake, and that spirit of adventure that has taken the Scotsman out into every country of the world. What I mean by thrift is that form of thrift that arises from independence of character and determination to stand on one's own feet. Sometimes one fears lest a characteristic that one had thought so common, so potent in England, shows here and there a tendency to be sapped by years of difficulty and years of unemployment that have succeeded the war. If that be so, I trust that from the North there may never

fail to come that perpetual stream of independent spirits, relying on themselves and practising that homely and elementary virtue from the deep-rooted sense that whatever happens they will never be a burden on others.

I have spoken more than once on that love of education which has existed for generations among the Scottish people, that love of education for its own sake, that löve of education nourished, fed, spread by the parish schools of Scotland. Cherish that, and try to see that in the working of newer methods of education, in grasping at newer methods you do not run the risk of losing something of that fine spirit which has done more, I believe, than anything else to make the name of the Scotsman known from pole to pole and respected in all the continents of the world.

Then that spirit of adventure. Too many possessing that spirit fell in the war ; and sometimes one feels that there is less desire to run risks, a greater regard, perhaps, to playing for safety—and certainly in the early years since the war there has been a slackening in the flow of the finest stamp of people into our Dominions and into the Government services of India and the East. I believe myself the turn of the tide has come ; but in all those directions the Scotsman used to lead. New Zealand owed, perhaps, more to the Scot than to anyone else. In the development of Canada he played his part, and in the administration of the

Indian Empire. See to it that the supply of that magnificent material—working in so well, complementary and supplementary to the gifts that the Englishman brings, making it one complete and great whole—see to it that that supply never fails.

THE ROMANCE OF EDINBURGH

Speech delivered at the Luncheon given on the Occasion of receiving the Freedom of Edinburgh 7th June 1926

THERE is no happier or more exciting moment when you stand on the threshold of senility than to find yourself acclaimed as the youngest burgess. It takes one back into a short coat at once. Long may I remain the youngest burgess of this famous city ! Of course I have been a burgess of Edinburgh in spirit all my life, because Edinburgh has always been to me a very peculiar home of romance. There was no town that appealed to me more than Edinburgh or that contained more things that frightened me. I mean those long dark passages that run out from the streets of the Old Town, the old churchyard of Greyfriars, one of those spots most instinct with tragedy and history of any in any town that I know ; Kirk o' Field, where Queen Mary went ; and then the much happier picture that I always used to see every time I came to Edinburgh, and that was of Scott sitting writing at his desk in the window of his house in Castle Street, and of his going out in the snow with Pet Marjorie wrapped in his plaid, and of his bringing

her in and carrying her home after she had been to see him. And then, again, very different people, but all part of that strange romance of Edinburgh ; how often have I looked in the neighbourhood of the West Bow to see that ghostly chariot with its sable horses taking Major Weir no one knows where. I have often looked out for him, but never seen him, and it may be now that I am the youngest burgess I shall see him. And I have often looked for Deacon Brodie, too, and for Porteous going down. There they all are, and one more I remember, and I remember how the very name used to thrill me when I was young. I mean Bloody Mackenzie. It is a great comfort, when you have a name like that, to know that you did write a work on toleration, and I fancy that recent historians have made out—I appeal here to the Solicitor-General—that Judge Jeffreys was a most extraordinarily efficient Judge, that he knew the law very well, and that he never strained it. He lived in difficult times.

But what is the key to the romance that clings to Edinburgh and that seems to have left so many of our English towns. I think the secret of it, perhaps, is found in the short time that seems to link you up with a past that seems irrevocably gone, and is much nearer to you in many ways here than it is to us in England. I chanced the other day upon a volume of Scott's Letters, and in one of them he writes to a lady and says : " You must remember that our generation is the

first generation that has ever lived its life out in Edinburgh without being in the middle of a civil war or internecine strife." Think! That was written in the lifetime of one or two people who are now becoming centenarians, and it does bring it very nearly home. Scott was perfectly right, and he illustrated it in his stories of the '45, of the '15, of 1689, and of the Civil War. And you here go back to the time before that, when everybody wore a dagger or a sword if he wanted to get to his destination in safety, and did not always get there even so.

So it is a great thing to be made a freeman of a city so redolent of a mysterious and wonderful past, and yet so instinct with life to-day and so determined to be in the van of everything that stands for good in Scotland and in Great Britain. I am very proud I can now claim kinship with Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dundee, a very fine trinity of cities, and I watch from my look-out tower far away in London to see how you, the burgesses who really carry the burden of the day, are keeping your end up in these difficult times and are spending yourselves, body and spirit, to try to leave something behind you of good better than you found.

WALES

Speech delivered at the St. David's Day Banquet
at Cardiff
1st March 1927

You have to-night given me the opportunity of paying a return call. It is five hundred years since the Welsh last visited Worcestershire under Owen Glyndwr. You burnt a portion of our cathedral, and Owen Glyndwr, just before his return from the last invasion by Wales, camped on the hill overlooking my garden, and, looking down the Severn Valley, sang a song, the words of which are not preserved in any history, but are handed down to all tradition. It ran in these terms :

> The mountain sheep are sweeter,
> But the valley sheep are fatter,
> We therefore deemed it meeter
> To carry off the latter.

If anything were needed to remind us how deeply our lives are rooted in the past, however modern we may think ourselves, it would be furnished by the memory of your patron saint which we are met to celebrate.

The great fellowship of the Middle Ages held together by the Latin tongue and the law of the

Church was broken up by the birth of national states, but the life of Christendom is still enriched by the memories of the heroic and holy characters of the saints of the Church. You take away from legend and literature and art all that heritage which gathered around the lives of the saints, and you will make the lives of multitudes to-day much poorer. It does not seriously matter now that much of the story is steeped in superstition. None of us is free from superstition, not the most pragmatic merchant on the docks, nor the youngest pupil of Marx in the valleys. These old stories with their picturesque miracles all prove the preoccupation of men with the beauty and goodness of this world and the mystery of the next. And we are not done with beauty or goodness or mystery.

In those far-off days there seems to have been great competition for the honour of sainthood, and it became something of a scandal. Not only cities and countries wanted a saint of their own, much as our cities want a Lord Mayor, but lovers wanted one, and spinsters, and shoemakers and poor mortals afflicted with toothache. Nothing has given me a greater shock in the proposals to revise the Prayer Book than to find that the shoemakers' saint is to disappear. The tin workers of Cornwall had their saint, and children and sailors had St. Nicholas. There was such a remarkable outburst of piety that the calendar was filling up rapidly. It was rather like the outburst of merit amongst us after

the Great War. They did not in those days resort to a Committee to sift the claimants for honours, but they restricted to Bishops the power of raising a Christian to the honour of sainthood. But alas! Bishops were mortals and found to be subject to pressure, just as Ministers are to-day, and the privilege of nominating saints was taken away from them and was placed in the hands of the Pope himself.

In these islands we succeeded in securing a saint apiece for each of the four nations, and I think we may learn something of each nation's characteristic in the particular choice it made from among its men of outstanding piety and wisdom.

The English, with a prophetic sense of their imperial destiny, chose a saint born in Cappadocia, who rescued a princess from cannibals, and forced the gospel at the point of the spear. St. Andrew was appropriately mixed up with loaves and fishes. But the two Celtic peoples chose most exemplary saints. Whether that is to be attributed to sober historical fact or to the Celtic power of imaginative story-telling it is beyond me to decide. But it is remarkable what holy men these two Celtic saints were. It is not surprising to find that they were both preachers, that they were eloquent, and that when David spoke the ground rose beneath and uplifted him so that he could be seen and heard by the immense congregation that would neither have seen him nor heard him had he re-

mained on the flat ground. One hill, more or less, in Wales is neither here nor there, but how glad many a modern David would be if that miracle could be wrought again.

But it is not the miraculous in the life of St. David that most interested me. It is a simple statement regarding his mode of life, a statement which throws a shaft of light on a puzzling custom to which my attention has been called. You will remember that David was born in Cardiganshire and it is told of him that he drank milk and water only. It has been suggested to me that in supplying that same beverage to the English, the Welsh dairymen in London are really paying homage to the memory of their saint.

The saint's day has come to be associated not so much with the praise of the saint, as with the praise of the nation for whom he stands—which is not quite the same thing. Europe passed from the dream of a united Christendom to the reality of the rivalries and conflicts of nationalities, and Nationalism has taken over many saints' days in the calendar and has ordained that the annual celebration shall be a sounding-board for trumpeting the nation's virtues and achievements. In this way there has grown up a popular mythology in which the nation's history is embalmed and painted with a halo more expansive and more luminous on every succeeding anniversary.

This mythological oratory is perhaps less in

demand than it used to be. It certainly is if I am to judge by the admirable speech of your President, to which we have just listened. Speaking with all his love and loyalty for Wales, he showed none of that chauvinistic spirit which so often has been the curse of modern Europe. The best way in which you can develop a true national feeling and put your own country in the pride of place which belongs to her is to do it in communion with other nations and with the sole object of improving the world at large. It is not from disillusionment we have suffered since the War; we are taking a more sober view both of ourselves and of the world. I am sure that in our daily duties those of us who have to deal with the affairs of many countries sometimes look with apprehension at a too narrow sense of nationality—that very sense of nationality which so many people at the time of the Peace looked forward to as carrying in its bosom the promise of better things.

Nationalism can take on some very ugly shapes. It looks as if as many crimes will be committed in its name as in the name of Religion or of Liberty. Indeed the source of the trouble is that Nationalists are apt to assume the garments of Religion. The natural devotion to the land and people of one's birth, which is the root of patriotism and public service, and one of the finest and most natural sentiments that exist, has over and over again been exploited by a propaganda of arrogance the sure

end of which is war. Love of one's country has been perverted into hatred of our neighbour's country by the preaching of lop-sided intellectuals, who themselves generally manage to escape the martyrdom they provide for others. Fortunately for us in Great Britain we have for some centuries past learnt not only to tolerate each other, but we have learnt to tolerate each other's excellencies.

I am prepared to admit, in passing, the antiquity of the Welsh race. We have that on the authority of Shakespeare and on the authority of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George is a member of the bardic circle. He has told us—true it was in a peroration—that nearly two thousand years ago Suetonius Paulinus massacred, on the shores of Anglesea, a throng of priests and women while they were singing Welsh hymns. Six weeks ago I heard the Dowlais choir singing Welsh hymns, and I do not think anyone on earth could have massacred them. They sang a hymn called " Jerusalem," and I think Paulinus would have knelt by their side had he heard them. The complaint I make against you is that in moments of economic excitement, such as we had in the coal strike last year, the sweet harmonies are broken and the songs are turned into slogans.

But of your antiquity there is no doubt. You are alleged to be directly descended from the Trojans. Geoffrey of Monmouth hath declared it. I venture to differ from the venerable Arch-

deacon. I am convinced that no Welshman would ever have allowed a wooden horse inside the city.

You not only have a past, but you don't forget it, nor do you allow other people to forget it. The Celtic memory was a long one, and to those who looked on the Welsh from over the border it was a source of satisfaction to see that ancient as the race was, and ancient as was the language, and great as was their history, they had what many ancient peoples had not, they had a present and a future.

You have a present, and no one can have the slightest acquaintance with the achievements of Wales in the last twenty-five years without recognising the idealism with which you have challenged the raw and stubborn facts of life and striven to transmute them into a worthier civilisation. Where I now stand is almost without parallel in these islands for foresight in planning the buildings required for a great and growing centre of population. You have housed here your municipal, county and national authorities in a way which stirs the imagination and exalts the self-respect of your people. They are a tribute to the untiring zeal of hundreds of the best men and women in Wales. You have a beautiful country in Wales. Don't let strangers spoil it for you, and don't spoil it yourselves. Educate public opinion ; educate your local authorities ; and bear in mind the example of New Zealand, a new country with a small population, which is already scheduling a magnificent region

in the South Island and reserving it for all time as a national park. That is a wise economy of nature. You have in Wales the Snowdon district, the city of St. David and the bays beyond it ; you have the Carnarvon peninsula, and just outside Wales there is the Forest of Dean. Isn't it worth thinking whether it may not be possible to convert some of these districts into national possessions, which can never be disfigured, which can never be built over, where it may be possible to go in my old age without having to listen to the blast of a steam whistle or the hoot of a motor-car ?

We cannot without damage to our soul's health destroy the roots which bind us to the land and language of our birth. The love of country is a deep and universal instinct, freighted with ancient memories and subtle associations. Men who deny their national spiritual heritage in exchange for a vague and watery cosmopolitanism become less than men ; they starve and dwarf their personalities ; they turn into a sort of political eunuch. But if the instinct of nationality is natural it needs always to be directed and often to be curbed. We must temper it with other loyalties. No nation can live unto itself alone and flourish. No nation has achieved anything worth while except with the help of others. We are debtors to the Greeks and to the barbarians. Wales is no exception. Your native language, your religious ideals, your industrial activities, your sports and pastimes—they

are not your own unassisted creation. Science, art and learning are the common heritage of mankind. You love your own country best and serve humanity most not when you despise the achievements of other nations, but when you accept them and fuse them with your own national genius and personality. Make your own contribution to the common stock. Make it the best you can. But be assured that when you have paid your utmost you will still be in debt.

In Wales you recognise these truths and therein differ from some Celtic peoples. Long and bitter was the fighting between Wales and England, but there came a day when, under the banner with the dragon, Henry Tudor marched across Wales and placed upon his brow the crown of England. From that day the Welsh began to work with the English, giving what they had to the common stock, and drawing from the common stock what they needed, whilst preserving their own nationality, their own language and their own fire.

I cannot end better than by quoting to you words more eloquent than mine. They are the words of Ben Jonson to Queen Elizabeth. " This country has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to Your Majesty, a very garden and seed plot of honest minds and men. What light of learning hath Wales sent forth from your schools ? What industrious students of your law ? What able ministers of your justice ? Whence hath the

Crown, in all times, better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes? Where hath your Court or Council, for the present, more noble ornaments or better aids? I am glad to see it and to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous . . . but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious; capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in religion."[1]

[1] From *For the Honour of Wales*, by Ben Jonson.

CORNWALL

Extract from Speech delivered at a Meeting in Cornwall 23rd June 1927

THERE is one compensation in the life of a Prime Minister, that periodically he is sent out from London into the countryside to make speeches, and by the wise ruling of Providence he has been sent this afternoon into the West Country to address a meeting of Cornishmen. Now, I have been told, I do not know with what truth, that no Prime Minister in his term of office has ever addressed such a meeting. It is difficult to know why if it be the case that it is so. It may arise from one of two things. You may find other visitors more profitable ; or it may be you are surfeited with politics. Yet I do not know why it should be so, because I have read in the history of Cornwall that there is here a wonderful and superstitious reverence for the name of Parliament. Well might that be so. For two centuries and a half you had more than your share. You had only one member less than the whole of Scotland, and you had more members than any other county in England.

But, after all, numbers are but a small thing,

and it is in the quality of your representatives that you have so much to boast of.

You had two of the greatest sailors who ever went to sea, even from the West Country—Walter Raleigh and Francis Drake. You had the Duke of Wellington, and if you merely look at English letters you sent to Parliament a strange trinity in Addison, Gibbon and Horace Walpole. After them it is a small matter that you have contributed Lord Chancellors and Speakers, and when I contemplate the past I can well understand that a mere Prime Minister is but small fry to Cornwall after her members of Parliament.

But coming down here from London to this peninsula, which has braved the storms of two seas from the beginning of time, stirred as I am by the names of your ancient speech and your legendary lore, I feel I am very close to the roots of our British civilisation and in the cradle of the greatest colonising Empire in the world.

Every county in England has contributed to the rich variety of our national inheritance. No county is more deeply stamped with its history and its origin than yours. Blood, language, religion, your peculiar position on the map, your ancient industries of fishing and mining, and your more recent importation of artists, have all contributed to give the Duchy its special character and enrich its special contribution to our national life.

To an Englishman, from whatever part of England

he comes, there is nothing about Cornwall that impresses him more than the generation after generation of the hardy fishermen who have sailed from her ports—men who have inherited from generations long gone that extraordinary sea-sense which belongs to the born seaman and upon which we have built as upon one of its principal foundations the greatness of our country through the ages.

At one time such men were to be found all along our coasts, but there are places where they have been driven from their ancient fields of work by the ever-advancing tide of piers and promenades. It will be many a long day, I hope and believe, before those men who have been for so long the backbone of the British Navy will cease to be found in their ancient haunts. No men did greater work in the Great War in the Royal Navy, in the Royal Naval Reserve, the trawlers, the minesweepers, and in coast watching.

I was saying a moment ago that no Prime Minister had visited this county before in his term of office, but I want to recall for a moment that two much greater men in their influence on English life than any Prime Minister that ever lived came into this county year after year for the period of a generation, and left an indelible impression on the life and character of the English-speaking races. Cornwall owes much in her development of the last two centuries to the influence of John and Charles Wesley. They gave a tremendous impulse not only among the

people who became marked off as the years went by as their followers, but to the Church itself in which they were brought up and which they loved.

Their work undoubtedly softened the necessary asperities of the industrial revolution itself. They arrested social cleavage by uniting all grades of society in the bonds of a common religious ideal, and they generated a great fund of religious sentiment which carried men into the service of the central government or the local council, and which has been responsible for the production of the best types of labour and co-operative leaders during the last half-century.

That dualism of the Church and the Chapel taken together has been one of the most potent influences in the life of our country. The one fostering, perhaps, more than the other, the respect for authority and tradition and the sense of historical continuity ; the other laying its main emphasis on individual obedience to eternal law.

They both have defects of their qualities, but they have both been, and are, and will be great social forces with great political consequences. Both at their best penetrate life with serious purpose, and are in constant war with that spirit of secularism which finds its paradise in idleness and frivolity, with which no country can ever prosper.

The spirit which animated the Wesleys has been the secret of the West Country, of the enterprise and courage, the character which has enabled you

through good times and bad to hold on and win through, to seize new chances of life across the seas when there was no room at home, and which has enabled Cornishmen to carry their character and their sense of duty into every corner of the British Empire, for that Empire's benefit.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION

Address delivered at the Formal Opening of Dartmouth House on George Washington's birthday 22nd February 1927

I SUPPOSE that on the birthday of George Washington I should be expected to make one or two observations on the ties that hold together the American people and the British people, and possibly some of the ties that separate us. I always think, and I always have thought, that one of the difficulties in a perfect comprehension each of the other lies in the fact that, owing to historical circumstances, the relationship is a little bit apt to partake of the parental on this side and of the filial on the other; and the parental relationship always combines a certain amount of impatience with signs of independent thought, and a very large amount of sentimentality, which is always absent from the filial relationship. Mingled with the sentimentality is quite a good deal of sensitiveness and a certain amount of criticism. If we realised that, and each tried to correct, or shall I say avoid? the little pitfalls that are natural to those particular states, I think it would be a very good thing. The Englishman, contrary to the belief of many people, is the

most incurably sentimental animal in the world. The sentimentality is only destroyed by over-education and cultivation of the intellect, when you are apt to get a crystalline hardness in the soul, from which most of us are saved by our incapacity to cultivate what we have not got.

It might be profitable for four or five minutes to contemplate the progress that has been made since such bodies as the English-Speaking Union were formed, in removing difficulties, and by their removal making it easier for those of us on both sides of the Atlantic to realise the importance to the peace of the world of these two great peoples understanding each other. We have seen removed within the last six or seven years that Irish question which always endangered the relations of the two countries ; and however much old memories may linger in Irish hearts in the United States of America, that question can never again be employed to imperil the relations between the two peoples.

I think it is not unfitting on George Washington's birthday to make one other criticism, and a criticism not only from an English point of view. I think there was a great tendency in the early days of historical writings in America to dwell so much on the fact that Washington himself was incapable of stating a fact incorrectly, that historians were less careful to state their facts correctly ; and I think that that, without any hint from this side, is being corrected, has been corrected and will be

absolutely corrected by the American historians themselves. In the case of one like myself, who has been in an amateur and dilettante way a student of history, nothing rejoices one more than to see the growth of that great school of historical criticism in America, where, I venture to think, some of the best literary work in America is being done.

There is another subject that might very easily, with less restraint and less understanding, have led to trouble between the two countries, and that is the question of Prohibition in America. I would like you just to bear in mind what many people do not realise, that in this country we have done our best, although not a Prohibitionist country, to see that the American law is maintained by British subjects in their dealings with America. We made certain concessions in the Liquor Conventions in 1923, and when the result of those Conventions was not sufficient to effect the purpose which we and the American Government desired, in March of last year we made a voluntary offer of consultation between our administrative officers and the American administrative officers on what steps should be taken to render the law more effective. The Americans visited this country last July: frank and cordial conversation took place; information was pooled; and as the result I think it has been found possible without altering our law, for which I believe there was no necessity, but by supervising more strictly the administration of existing laws, to prevent, or

very largely to prevent, the breaking of American law by British subjects when in or near that country. I think that has been a wholly good thing.

Then, again, I think that a great step forward was taken in the cause of peace between the two peoples by the meeting that took place at Washington when an agreement with regard to naval strength was reached ; and, speaking as an individual here, I should be only too pleased if further progress was made before too long on similar lines.

Then we have the common memory of the war —common memories of the armies, but still more perhaps common memories of the navies, because, owing to the peculiar circumstances of maritime warfare, the two navies were brought together in the closest possible contact, when indeed they were, during that last year of the war, a single and united force.

Now all those things are to the good, and those are the things that we have to build on. In the meantime, of course, there are lighter ties proceeding all the time. We borrow from each other. I believe America has recently borrowed Association Football from us ; I do not know whether it will spread. We have borrowed from her a dance with a strange and racy name, which I myself would hesitate to pronounce before you. We have a common literature—sometimes very common—on both sides, and it is very interesting to see the enormous sales that now take place of English works in America and of

American works in England. I think that is a means of bringing the two peoples together. We have, of course, as has often been said, a common tongue.

There is one more thought that I should like to put before you, if I may, and that will be the last. I always feel in gatherings of this kind, where we are all animated by a common spirit, or we should not be here together, there is a little danger of our indulging—and here I am going to borrow—indulging in what President Roosevelt used to call " mush " ; and that does no good. It can't really be a comfort to ourselves, and it causes the enemy to blaspheme. By sober and moderate statement we can do much more good, convinced, as we are, that the union of the two peoples all over the world, who speak a common tongue, is essential for the peace of the world. Believing that, I think that what we have to give ourselves to is each the education of our own nationals. I think that we ought to display a wise reticence in the criticism of each other, and a wise propaganda at home, each towards the objects that we have at heart. It is always difficult for people, however united by language and blood, to understand each other, when their circumstances, their situations, are so different ; and it must be difficult for Americans to realise the problems of Europe. So vast a proportion of their population went over from Europe, went over with the desire very often to forget what was behind them ; and

the threads of tradition were very soon cut. How can a country which lives in absolute security, with thousands of miles of ocean on every side of it, with a vast and growing population, and yet with territory sufficient to spread in—how can it realise the difficulties of a Continent like Europe, which has been crowded with humanity for thousands of years, which has been torn to pieces with intestinal troubles, civil, political and religious, where those memories live long, and where the fight for existence has been hard. Very often, when they criticise us in Europe, it is apt to hurt those who in a different world, in different conditions, and who are sometimes, as it were, wandering about in a powder magazine—it a little hurts them, when they are doing all they can to steer broken nations through a period of unprecedented difficulties, if their efforts are not appreciated sometimes a little more and if their motives are not fully understood. I hope that all who belong to this Union will remember that their chief function is to try, each of them, to educate their own people and teach them, and bring them, as far as they can, into a like state of thought with ourselves. If the result of this beautiful club house should be to bring together English-speaking people from all over the world, to quicken in any way their sense of their great responsibility, quicken the sense of what I have been trying to describe, then indeed Dartmouth House may be a great blessing to the world.

PART II
EMPIRE

THE PRIVILEGE OF EMPIRE

Broadcast from 10 *Downing Street*
24th May 1927

THE keeping of an anniversary corresponds to some deep-felt want of human nature. Putting on one side anniversaries of religious importance, each with its peculiar significance and appeal, or of national importance, as Armistice Day, what family, from one end of the country to the other, does not cherish the memory of each birthday within its small circle? In what family is there not a day made sacred by the memory of a loved one no longer with them? And it is good for us in these busy days to be brought up sharply against anything that will make us think, if only for a minute or two, of something besides ourselves, our material welfare and our amusements. So to-day we are called to think of the British Empire and of our relation thereto; and it is fitting that Empire Day coincides with the anniversary of the birth of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, for it was largely during her long and glorious reign that the British Empire as we know it to-day came into being.

There has never been anything like the British Empire in the world before, and that is why the

word Empire sometimes puzzles people. You associate it with Rome, Germany, Austria, Russia, and France at different periods of their history. You must rid yourself of all those associations, and try to think of it as an old word chosen to represent a new idea.

In our thought of Empire to-day there is nothing in the nature of flag-wagging or boasting of painting the map red. No! Only a sense of pride in the race from which we spring—a pride which makes us humble in our own eyes, and resolute to make ourselves as worthy as we may of the heritage and responsibilities which are ours.

Let us consider for a moment what we mean by heritage. We have been born into a community settled in a small island, dependent for our food supplies on the produce of countries overseas, and that food we pay for by exporting goods. In these circumstances there inevitably come times when the opportunities of many of our people are restricted, but for us alone are still opportunities denied to other nations. It is open to us to settle and work in any climate we may choose and in almost any part of the world, and find ourselves amongst people who speak our tongue, who obey our laws, who cherish the same ideals, and worship according to the rites familiar to us, who are subjects of the same Sovereign; and to this we must devote our best energies in the years to come —Tory, Liberal and Labour alike—to make our

unity such a reality that men and women regard the Empire as one, and that it may become possible for them to move within its bounds to New Zealand, to Australia, to South Africa, to Canada, as easily and as freely as from Glasgow to London or Bristol to Newcastle. To build up the new nations overseas, for each one of them with ourselves to make her own peculiar contribution to the whole, and to make the whole a great force for righteousness in the world, that is not only the task of statesmen, but it is the task, if it is to be successful, which can only be accomplished by the conscious enthusiasm and participation of our people of all ranks and of all classes.

Last year we had the Imperial Conference of the Dominions and India. Let me remind you of another conference which is now being held in London this year for the first time, and of which you have been reading in the newspapers. I mean the conference of the Governors and principal officials of the Colonies, Protectorates, and Mandated Territories, which have a population of some fifty millions of peoples, infinite in their variety of language and culture, with a total trade already exceeding five hundred millions a year and increasing rapidly. In this group you have the oldest and youngest of our members. Barbados recently celebrated the tercentenary of British occupation, and only a few years ago Bermuda celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its Legislature. The

great tropical territories of Africa have been added to the Empire within the memory of living men, and Tanganyika, a mandated territory, is a legacy of the Great War. Here we have a direct responsibility which we no longer have in regard to our Dominions.

For centuries there has been no more difficult problem than the relationship of European and Asiatic and African races forming part of the same community. That there is a problem at all has scarcely been realised. For more than a century, for good or for ill, the ultimate responsibility for the administration of vast territories inhabited mainly by these indigenous races has rested upon us. We are indeed happy in the character of the men who are undertaking this work—political, religious, scientific—but we require a quickened conscience to impel a sufficient number of our best men to grapple with a task even yet so novel but fraught with infinite possibilities for the future. And what of India? What we call India is almost a world of its own, covering an area as large as the whole of Europe without Russia, containing over three hundred millions of human beings speaking one hundred and fifty tongues, with an ancient history and an ancient civilisation. Her position in the Empire has as yet been necessarily somewhat different from that of the Dominions, but some ten years ago it was declared that the aim of British policy was: "The progressive realisa-

tion of responsible Government in British India as an integral part of the Empire." Since then great strides towards that goal have been made and in all the joint activities of the British Commonwealth of nations India now plays her part, and in the fullness of time we look forward to seeing her in equal partnership with the Dominions.

We who have inherited this Empire are proud of it, and it is right that we should be proud. With our pride there should mingle gratitude to those who have gone before us, by whose efforts this Empire has grown.

In a world still suffering from the shock of war, the British Empire stands firm as a great force for good. Let us then to-day bear the Empire in our minds and in our prayers. It invites and requires some service of us all.

It stands in the sweep of every wind, by the wash of every sea, a witness to that which the spirit of confidence and brotherhood can accomplish in the world. It is a spiritual inheritance which we hold in trust not only for its members, but for all the nations which surround it. Let us see to it that we hand it on to our successors with untarnished glory.

TWO CIVILISATIONS

Speech delivered at Quebec
30th July 1927

I THANK you very much for the depth and sincerity of the welcome which you have given me to-day. Your Royal Highness was very generous in your allusion to me in your speech. I am proud, Sir, to have your support on this historic occasion. None of us in public life can compare our experience or knowledge of the Empire, nor, I think, can any Dominion statesman, with that possessed by yourself. You are the heir to the Throne, the link which unites us all in one common and continuing allegiance. We come and go across the political stage at the popular bidding. The Royal Family remain above all change of parties, the focus of a million loyalties, the fountain of unfailing sympathy with the fortunes of the peoples, and above all, through all, the faithful servants of them all.

You, Sir, earlier to-day, spoke of emotions aroused in us. In Europe we often think of the emotions of those who come from overseas to see their old homes, whether it be an old church in Normandy, the bloom of summer in England or the heather on the Scottish moors. Those things, we know,

stir the deepest emotions of which human nature is capable.

But this morning we realised what the emotion was of coming from the Old World and entering the most wonderful highway to a continent that exists in the wide world to-day. We entered a land which, based as it is on two great civilisations of Europe, will for the next thousand years show the world what the union of those civilisations can accomplish as it fulfils the magnificent destiny that lies before it.

We could not help looking back in our thoughts at the years which have gone, and there are two or three observations which I feel, with your patience, I should like to make to you to-day, the first day that I am spending on this great continent.

The story of the Province of Quebec is the story of the Empire. It begins with sailors and merchant adventurers, with the wooden settlements along the banks of your noble river, and for nearly a century with the peaceful dwelling together of French and English. Then you have the almost continuous warfare between the two countries and its dramatic and decisive ending in the twin deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm, to whose memory you have erected a single monument. The holding fast of Quebec in the War of American Independence, when old and new defenders united to save Canada, settled its future destiny.

The struggles which followed were mainly on

the political plane; the rivalries of Upper and Lower Canada, of Canada West and Canada East, the Durham Report, the discussions with the Maritime Provinces, the Quebec Resolutions, the British North America Act. Division, Union, Confederation—to-day we can see the stages stand out plainly in the onward march of the Canadian people. But they were less clear to the statesmen of the time, beset with the pressure and urgency of daily difficulties, but determined to find a way, through the contradiction and confusion, to a united country.

Looking back as we do to-day, we can see at least three great truths clearly written across the story. The first is the fundamental problem of a modern empire: the reconciliation of freedom and unity. Burke saw this a hundred and fifty years ago. He felt the difficulty of reconciling "the unwieldy haughtiness of a great ruling nation" to the "high spirit of free dependencies, animated with the first glow of juvenile heat, and assuming to themselves as their birthright some part of the very pride which oppressed them." That is a difficulty which you cannot avoid wherever men have tasted freedom and shouldered responsibility. The Loyalists who flocked to Canada from the South were no strangers to the enjoyment of constitutional rights. The settlers who came over from the Mother Country were of several races and of numerous religious denominations in an age of theological disputation.

On the other hand, the French Canadians were hardly affected by the doctrines of the Revolution, and were habituated to the traditions of a feudal society. They worshipped in one Church and spoke the language of Old France. Thus within Canada itself you had all the elements of dissension. These had to be harmonised with one another and with the Government at home. The statesmen of Great Britain, puzzled and perplexed and rather bored, had somehow to learn to concede not only the demand of the colonists for self-government, but the rights of the French to their own language and law and religion.

Political prophesying is one of the most gratuitous forms of human error and weakness. The Duke of Wellington, Mr. Gladstone, even Lord Durham himself, were astray in their forecasts. The Duke of Wellington thought local responsible government in Canada imprudent and unjust. Mr. Gladstone thought permanent union between two countries each possessing an independent legislature was one of the most visionary ideas that ever entered the mind of man. Lord Durham thought it a vain endeavour to attempt to preserve a French-Canadian nationality in the midst of Anglo-American colonies and states. In fairness we must remember too that during these years a fiscal revolution was proceeding in Great Britain which was creating some very serious commercial conundrums for the young Provinces. Is it any wonder that English statesmen

of the early and mid-Victorian age, Tories, Whigs and Radicals alike, were frequently inclined to regard the problem of Canadian autonomy as insoluble? Little wonder if indeed men's hearts failed.

The second observation I pass upon the story is that the solution was found in the loyalty of the common people, led by men of good will and robust sense, by men possessing those invaluable characteristics which we need to-day as much as ever. Imperial policy has to equate the demands of the most diversified Empire ever known. It is apt to appear in any one territory as a mass of contradictions. And when passion is stirred there are apt to be incidents; and there were incidents, and sudden outbursts of violence, here in Canada. But the vast majority of the ordinary folk were steady and sensible, and there never were lacking leaders with patience and vision not only of Canada's great future, but of what the Empire might become. In spite of passions, in spite of incidents, tribute should be paid to-day to the men on whom the responsibility primarily rested, on the men who worked out, or rather, had laid, the foundations of the edifice seen to-day. To this high service we gave three remarkable men, Lord Durham, Charles Buller and Gibbon Wakefield, who have all been compared to Saul, the son of Kish; hunting the strayed asses of disaffection, they found the Kingdom of Responsible Government. Durham,

the head of the famous mission, was sent out to you because it was equally dangerous to take him into the Cabinet in London or to leave him out. Three others from our side who helped in the task of transforming the old colonial system I may be allowed to mention : Earl Grey, Sir Charles Bagot and Lord Elgin. Then on your side, to name half a dozen only, there were La Fontaine and Robert Baldwin, George Cartier and Sir John Macdonald, Alexander Galt and George Brown. These are men whose praises should be sounded. There will be another occasion on which to pay tribute to the magnificent services of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the years which followed Confederation. The life of every living Englishman and Canadian is a bigger, richer thing, because of the labours of these famous dead. I wish I could linger over the contribution made by each, but obviously I cannot do so. I would only like to say before I pass on, that the work which was begun then is being continued now, and here I should like, if I may, to mention the name of your own Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, with whom I have worked so happily at two Imperial Conferences.

The third and last observation I would make on the story which we recall to-day is this : Canada has provided one of the most striking solutions of the problem of Empire and Nationality. " I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state," wrote Lord Durham. Those days are far behind

us, and I think you will agree with me that the co-operation of different races in the same state is the highest achievement of man in the evolution of political society. Lord Durham, with all his breadth of view and courage and constructiveness, failed fully to grasp this possibility hidden in the bosom of the future. In the words of Earl Grey, enthusiastic lover of Canada, on the Quebec battle-fields, " French and British parentage gave birth to the Canadian nation." It was the French who were the first whites to explore the Old North-west ; two French pioneers were associated with the origin of the Hudson's Bay Company ; and the heroism of the first French missionaries on this continent is a perpetual fountain of inspiration. Two languages, two rich cultures, two great branches of the Christian religion have gone to build up the civilisation of Canada. In achieving unity you have not sacrificed freedom, and at the same time you have secured variety.

The political and cultural expression of the spirit of nationality is one of the basic issues of the modern world. The claim to set up separate and independent political and economic embodiments of nation-hood is the most fertile source of trouble in Europe to-day. The moral law is the same for nations as for men, and unless these claims to absolute free-dom are restrained and moderated by the nations conflict is certain. In the British Empire we have made a contribution to the solution of this problem.

I admit we made many and grave blunders in learning wisdom, but we have learned it. There is nowhere any desire to thwart the cultural aspirations of the nations comprising the Commonwealth, or to mould them into one uniform type. It is the active power of the principle of liberty, however imperfectly at times it may be interpreted, which really unites us and forms the cement of the British Empire.

We achieved Confederation of the four races in the British Isles after long and bitter strife. We can pronounce freedom and unity in one and the same breath without a stammer. It is perfectly possible and to-day natural for us to feel proud of being Scotch or Welsh and intensely British at the same time. As for the English, they are the least self-conscious of peoples and profess to care for none of these things. Just before I left London our newspapers were full of tributes to the memory of William the Conqueror. Surely the English are a remarkable people. You would think in reading these tributes that we derive all our virtues from the Normans. Well, if we do, that only shows how proud of us all French Canadians should be. It is, of course, perfectly true that through the centuries we have been influenced, in no small degree, ever since the Norman Conquest, by the genius of France. Our rulers spoke French, and it was not until far into the fourteenth century that the English tongue was heard in our Parliament. These civilising influences of Old France were

directly transplanted across the Atlantic and developed here in new conditions, and they have been powerful factors in shaping Canadian nationality.

It would be impertinent for me, as an Englishman, to estimate either the quality or the extent of the contribution which French Canada has made to the common Imperial stock, and yet I cannot help mentioning something which strikes an Englishman, and it is this. Perhaps of all the things which you in Quebec stand for, your noblest contributions are that permeation of life and labour with religion, the exaltation of family life—never more important than to-day—and your native courtesy. What also appeals to me is your devotion to rural life and rural pursuits, and with that, what I think is most important of all, distrust of swift material gain. Who can exaggerate the spiritual value of that contribution in the world to-day ?

You had, I believe, in this city not many weeks ago a festival of folksong and handicrafts in which you were given a glimpse into the riches of a life which is often regarded as poor compared with that of our cities. Rural life was, and is, a life founded on severe labour and thrift, but it is one in which the imagination has full play. And the result is a harvest not only of the field, but of the fancy. Hundreds of melodies have been garnered from the memories of peasants, lumbermen and fisherfolk in your remoter districts. The same thing has happened in England, in Wales, in the Hebrides,

in Ireland—all pointing to a time when labour and song were on intimate terms with each other. To-day they have become separated, and music is apt to be an art apart, cultivated by people called musicians. It is an immense loss to human happiness. The power of the old tradition still lingers in our country districts at home and in yours in this province. It is a tranquillising healing power. I am not surprised to be told that not many people are more happy and peaceful than the French-Canadian farmer on his country estate. Those of us who were bred in the country, and have perforce to live in the towns, lead a double life: the one occupied with the bustling duties of our daily work, the other beneath the surface, the land of childhood and memory. We look into it as into a lake which reflects the sky and landscape on a summer evening.

These older eastern provinces have contributed something of this tradition, venerable, mystical, tranquil, to your national inheritance. Out in the vast spaces of the West, I wonder how long it will be ere the same sort of intense local attachment can find its roots and bind the generations with the charm and spell and genius of place, as we in England are bound. It is these "lesser local loyalties which are the nursing mothers of larger loyalties." It is this hidden life which rises to the surface in the crises of our fate. It has been observed that the poetry written by our young men during the Great War constantly dwells on the rural life of England.

This is true of Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell and of others. Some of you will remember that when Francis Brett Young was marching on Tanga the vision he saw was of three poplar trees, that shiver on still evenings of summer after rain, by an English hamlet. Captain Brett Young was with General Smuts's East African expedition, and this is what he wrote :

" All through the Pangani trek I carried in my haversack one book, a thin paper copy of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, but what I read more often was a small scale Bartholomew map of England finely coloured with mountains, meadowlands and streams, and there I would travel magical roads, crossing the Pennines or lazing through the blossomy vale of Evesham, or facing the salt breeze on the flat top of Mendip at will. In these rapt moments the whole campaign would seem to me nothing but a sort of penance, by means of which I might attain to those blue remembered hills."

The finest poem published in England in the last twelve months was written in Ispahan, and it is a poem of the cornfields and hopfields of Kent. There was a soldier who as he died declared that he would rather have written an elegy of the English countryside than take a famous city. There are several things I wish I might have been rather than Prime Minister, but as Prime Minister of Great Britain

and as a man, there is nothing better that I can wish for Canada, as she passes forward into the future on her triumphant way, than that she may carry along with her the old-fashioned virtues and pleasures of the countryside, which built up, and alone built up, the greatness of France and of England.

IMPERIAL TRADE AND THE FUTURE OF CANADA

Address to the Canadian Club at Montreal
1st August 1927

I HAVE been overwhelmed by the reception given by the city of Montreal to your guests last night and this morning. So far as the welcome was extended to me, I recognise fully that it was not so much to me as a man as it was to the Prime Minister of the Mother Country, and I know that an equal welcome would have awaited any statesman, to whatever party he belonged, as a mark of your sense of unity and of your sense of sympathy with the man who bears perhaps the heaviest burden to-day in the whole Empire.

I want to tell you first of all, because you are all business men in Montreal, something of what we are trying to do in England to-day to help both the Empire spirit and Empire trade. We are, as you know, devoting a considerable sum of money every year—a maximum in one year of $5,000,000—to the services of a new board called the Empire Marketing Board, and although that body is a new one and is essaying to do something which has never been attempted before, I believe that already

it has made progress. I believe that it is going to play a very important part, to the benefit of us all, in two different ways which I will try to make clear to you.

This Board works in very close co-operation with the Government of the day, and the bulk of the money which it is spending at present is being devoted to a campaign, which you in the New World very well understand, called publicity. We have enlisted the services of a number of writers and of artists of imagination to aid us in that task. The Board, to use its own words, has set itself—and these words are important—to advertise an idea rather than a commodity. It is trying to create a consciousness of Empire among the people of Great Britain, and it wants to carry with that consciousness a sense of the obligation of each individual, first of all, in Great Britain, subsequently, I hope, overseas, to men and women living in other parts of the Empire. That is the first step—to create an atmosphere.

I am quite sure that at home this leaven has already begun to work. If you go into any big shop to-day, not only in London or the big provincial centres, but even in the country, you will find now that people are alive to the demand for British and for Empire goods, and that those two phrases are gradually acquiring a real sales value. I am quite confident that it is only a question of time before that habit will take root among the people in Great

Britain. Whatever our faults may be, we in the Old Country have a certain amount of tenacity and obstinacy. If that idea is once firmly seized by our people they will never lose it.

There is another side to this work, I think of equal importance, and we have enlisted the co-operation of men from all over the Empire in it. The Imperial Conference spent some time discussing it last autumn. It is the prosecution of scientific research throughout the Empire. I need not talk to an audience like this of the value of that kind of research. The pests of all kinds that attack crops and live stock are beyond number. I have been told by a man learned in these matters that about one-tenth of the crops of the whole world, or one-fifth of the crops in tropical countries are sacrificed to the ravages of some kind of pest, insect or otherwise, every year. Nearly half the Empire lies within the tropics ; so you will easily see of what importance that is to the Empire. We at home suffer from foot-and-mouth disease and from various crop ravages. You suffer from rust, rather badly at times in the west, and from other pests that attack the grain crops, and if you can control at all this tremendous wastage that goes on, you will be doing an enormous work for humanity. We have started in Surrey, in England, a new kind of zoo, a Parasite Zoo, and an effort is being made there to discover and send all over the Empire the right sort of parasites to attack the insects that do the

damage. The more that zoo flourishes the better it will be for all of us.

Poultry production is another thing to which science is now devoting its attention. We want to make the hens lay more and lay faster. There is in Great Britain an enormous egg market, of which we want a good share for ourselves, and, while at present we are getting great quantities of eggs from foreign countries, I want to see all the eggs that we cannot produce ourselves coming, as they ought to come, from the Dominions.

Then there is another subject on which I must confess myself profoundly ignorant, but an enlightened audience like this probably knows all about it. I have been told by scientific men that it will be very important in the future for a man who goes prospecting, whether it is for oil or gold, or whatever it may be, to equip himself first, not with a boring tool, but with a knowledge of the higher mathematics. Our Committee of Civil Research have a number of scientific men, reinforced from the Dominions, working in London on what is called geophysics, and experiments are now being concerted between the Mother Country and Australia in several new methods of detecting minerals under the surface without having either to dig or to bore for them. I believe these methods are known as gravimetric, electric, magnetic and seismic, and I am told that they are revolutionising prospects in the obtaining both of minerals and oil. I am quite

sure that in a country like Canada, with its mineral areas, the results of such investigations will be of the greatest interest.

Then again, there is an industry which since the war has suffered very much in Great Britain—I do not know how it has been with you—and that is the fishing industry. Two of your leading fishery experts have come over to take counsel with us and help us, and possibly learn something themselves. So we may get expert knowledge about fishing and fishery beds shared and spread throughout the Empire. About all that kind of work you do not see much in the papers, but it is the kind of work that can effect more for human progress and human happiness than almost any other work that is going on to-day.

A propos of that, we should all bear in mind, when we are trying to work together, the various stages of economic development of the nations which compose the Empire. We at home are urbanised and industrialised to about as great an extent as is healthy, more so perhaps than any other country in the world ; and at the other pole there are some countries, in the Dominions, that are still in the pastoral stage. You in Canada are at present in the very happy situation of occupying an intermediate and fairly balanced position, leaning neither to the one pole nor to the other ; and what I would say is, I hope that you may long keep it. I am quite convinced that that is far the happiest condition for a country.

Humanly speaking, of course you cannot be urbanised too much for centuries, because of the room you have. I do hope that for generations to come, for your own happiness and prosperity, you will maintain some kind of equilibrium between the industries and the agricultural interests.

Let us never forget that we have in the tropical parts of the Empire enormous quantities of primary products which you cannot possibly grow, but which you will need—things like rubber and cotton and tea—and although I know that you are now growing sugar and tobacco, and, I believe, growing them successfully, it may be that for some years yet you will have to buy, at any rate, a considerable quantity from outside Canada. Remember to give the Empire your first choice in all those goods rather than go anywhere else. And remember this too, that we in Great Britain have forty millions of people who are consumers and we are doing an enormous lot of business with you. We buy a great deal from Canada, and the more we buy the better I shall be pleased. But we can only buy successfully and as we ought to buy if we can sell our goods. The whole export trade, at any rate of the Old World, has been disorganised and thrown out of joint by the war. We are struggling hard to recover our position, and we are recovering it. We sell about half of our manufactured exports to-day to the various Dominions, and they are incomparably our best markets; and I want you to

feel, as your purchasing power grows with your prosperity, that the only way to have the Old Country continue to be that market which you desire to see for your primary products is to do what you can in dealing with the Old Country and her exports where you do not make the things yourselves.

I would like to make one or two further observations. I have not been in Canada long enough this time to know what you think about Great Britain, but if anybody tells you, or if you read anywhere, no matter by whom it is written, that Great Britain is decadent in any way, that is the biggest mistake in the world to-day. We have our difficulties—I do not minimise them ; but there has never been a time when Great Britain has shouldered her burdens more manfully and has been more determined to progress and go forward than to-day. There has never been a time when there was more life in the country, more keenness for education, more keenness for progress, more keenness for science, more keenness for discoveries ; there has never been a time when the whole country has been more quivering with life. We may make our mistakes—as I say, we have our difficulties—but the heart of the country has never been sounder. It has been tempered by that terrible experience we all passed through. We are suffering from the loss of a whole generation of young men, but we know it and we are determined to make good, and

the young men who are coming on are proving worthy successors of those who fell in France and Flanders and are determined to take their places, and the older men are determined to stick it until the younger ones are ready.

There is no doubt that the half-century ahead of us is going to be a momentous one in the history of the world. One of the curious results of the war, lasting as long as it did, was that we passed through about half a century of progress and ideas in four years. That applies to the Old World; I do not presume to speak about Canada. So you cannot wonder that things in Europe sometimes are puzzling to those who have the good fortune to live in a country where you could make a fresh start. Do not forget that.

The problems are going to be extraordinarily difficult, and they will be made more difficult by the rapid advance in science that is bringing peoples infinitely closer together than they ever were in the past, and is causing the old civilisations to impinge directly on those who have not their civilisation and culture in a way that has never happened before. And the great problem really is whether we are going—if I may put it in this way—to train the nations of the world or educate them up to be fitted for managing and governing themselves as we do in our democratic countries, before whole areas of civilisation break up and are swamped and go under.

That leads me to this—and it is a subject on which I feel very strongly, and you must forgive me if I say a few words about it. I am speaking merely as an Englishman with his experience of England. If there be anything that may be of any help to anyone here as it may fit your own conditions here, I shall be only too pleased. I do not know. I say I am speaking as an Englishman with his knowledge of England, and that alone. There has always been in England a tradition of public service, but, though I have been in public life many years and have always been interested in it, I have never known in England such an interest taken in public life by our people as since the war. There is a recognition that the problems of this age will demand the best brains, the highest courage, the coldest courage, that the world can find, and I rejoice to think that into politics in England to-day, the politics of the country and local politics, the best stamp of our young men are entering, sacrificing in many cases the prospects of making, what undoubtedly many of them could make, large fortunes, and sacrificing an enormous amount of their leisure and of the legitimate fun of life—to say nothing of the illegitimate fun ; and it is the illegitimate fun that breeds Bolshevism. They are largely recruited in England from men who went straight from school into that far harder school of the war. During those years when they, boys themselves, were leading men, they got that idea, as it has never been held

in the country before, of the fellowship and the brotherhood of man and of the opportunity there is for the fellows who have had the good luck to have a better education early in life to use that education and the advantages they have had by helping the fellows who have not had it, instead of only thinking of themselves.

Public life is a hard school. There is no money in it. Sometimes there is a certain amount of honour, but there are a great many kicks, and you always end in disaster : you are always fired out, and you are liable to be fired out without notice, and there is no pension. But you do have the satisfaction of feeling that you are doing a man's job. And if anybody doubts that, let him try my job for a week : he would never question it again.

You know far better than I what your problems in Canada are, but even as an onlooker from three thousand miles away I can see that, as the years go by, the highest test of statesmanship will be called for in reconciling the interests of East and West, in binding together East and West and Central Canada and guarding the progress of the country. I am only speaking as one who watches you with a warm heart from three thousand miles away, remembering always that you typify in Canada, especially in this part of Canada, the finest civilisations in Europe, that of France and that of England ; civilisations that have worked against each other, fought each other for their ideals over the centuries,

but always in the van of progress. Try as the years go by, and let your statesmen try, to see to it that that fine blend never gets too much diluted, and do not be in too much of a hurry to become wealthy. Remember that the quality of the nation is far more important than the quantity. Time is on your side. You have a thousand years before you in which to develop this great continent. Nothing can stop you. You must progress with the world's progress.

You may some day be the greatest nation in the world, but lay your foundations firmly, give the best you have in your men to guide the fortunes of your nation, so that when she has attained that position, as I pray to God she may, in long future years she may be a nation to which all the peoples of the world will look with respect and with affection, and so that it may be said that she is still typifying in the highest degree those magnificent civilisations in which her roots were first planted centuries ago in Europe.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE OF 1926

Speech delivered at Ottawa
2nd August 1927

The Prime Minister of Canada and Mr. Guthrie have been far too kind in their remarks to-night, and any words of mine in reply would be inadequate. The only thing which a little puzzled me was how Mr. Mackenzie King, my friend, knew that to-morrow was my birthday. And yet, had I reflected when first studying the programme arranged for me in Canada, I might have known that he had been aware of that fact, and had decided to provide me with as happy a day as he could on that occasion, for he has arranged—and I have no doubt he did so meaning to give me pleasure—that I should make three speeches and be taken to a poultry show for a treat.

Now, Sir, in this hall and before this audience there are a multitude of subjects on which I should like to discourse, but time is short, and I think there is perhaps one thing above others which it is my duty to speak to you about to-night for a short time, and that is, one aspect of the work of the Imperial Conference of last autumn, a work in which no small part was played by the representatives of Canada.

I had the great honour of being chairman of that Conference, and I think that it marked an epoch in the relations between the various parts of the British Empire. There have been many different accounts of the nature of the change which the Conference effected. The accounts even differ as to whether any change was effected in fact at all; and some people may think this surprising. For my part I look upon it as perfectly natural, the truth being that the members of the Imperial Conference came there as representatives of countries with a different outlook and with different inherited political traditions. These differences in outlook and in tradition naturally influenced the resulting conceptions not only of what the Conference should do or could do, but also of what it actually and in fact did.

So perhaps it may be of interest, not only to you but also to Canada generally, if I try to explain very briefly how I personally interpret the main results of the Conference.

Its most important work was, by common consent, the unanimous report of the Committee on Inter-Imperial Relations, a committee which had the good fortune to be presided over by one who was a master of language no less than of thought—Lord Balfour.

What that committee did was to attempt to define in a phrase the living relationship of all parts of the British Empire to one another, and to begin to work out the practical application of that relationship.

The phrase to which His Royal Highness has

already alluded has been widely quoted, and I think I can say without fear of contradiction that it will go down to history. You will pardon me if I repeat it here :

" Great Britain and the Dominions are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

This formula is founded on two principles, the essential equality of status of all the self-governing parts of the Empire, and the unity of the whole Empire under the Crown. Are either of these principles new ? Perhaps not ; certainly not the second. But it was certainly of supreme importance that the first principle should be enunciated, since by it is emphasised the fact, as the Report itself says, that every self-governing member of the Empire is now the master of its destiny, and that in fact, if not always in form, it is subject to no compulsion whatever. And it is obvious that the first principle could not be enunciated without special emphasis on the second, since the Crown thereby is given its due place as the abiding symbol and emblem of the unity of the various parts of the world which owe a common allegiance to His Majesty the King.

I have heard it said, and said on very high

authority, that Canada needed no such charter of nationhood, because she possessed it already, because her sons and daughters had won it for her by their efforts in the Great War, because it was expressed explicitly in the forms of the Treaties which marked the Peace, and by her membership of the League of Nations.

That may well be: I should not venture an opinion on such a point, which is one on which Canada alone can pronounce. But the need for explicit definition was certainly felt by the representatives of at any rate some of the Governments who came to London last October; and the countries which they represented have found help in so succinct a statement of their position and our own. We may well be content with the declaration thus unanimously completed and agreed.

Even more important perhaps than this declaration were its effects.

We are a practical people, and, granted that our status is clear, what we all want to know is how best we can carry on the every-day work of running not only our own countries but the British Empire. I will try to show what the Conference did in this direction. I think that its efforts may be summed up in three words—consideration, co-operation, co-ordination. Let me take consideration first. The view of the Imperial Conference was that no part of the Empire should henceforward act in external matters which are likely to affect the common weal

without counting first what effect its own action may have on other parts of the Empire, and without giving those other parts an opportunity of expressing their views. Those of us who have the responsibility of governing great countries are already well used to this in our internal affairs. It is our duty to consider not so much sectional as national interests and the best interests of the whole. But it is more difficult to bear this principle in mind in the conduct of external relations, and it may well be admitted that each of the Governments is likely to find the task of carrying it into effect one of constant difficulty and needing constant vigilance. It is not very easy to know how the action, or the contemplated action, of one Government may react on the interests of another thousands of miles away.

We shall certainly, each of us, make mistakes. I comfort myself here with the reflection that men who make no mistakes make nothing. We may each of us act at times in a way that others do not desire. We may be reluctant to act when others want us to do so. It is even possible that by forgetfulness or insufficient understanding we may fail to consult each other when we should. But I am convinced that we shall all learn as the years go on, and I confess that I look upon this consultative method of conducting external relations which are of more than individual interest as one of the most interesting and hopeful experiments in that great laboratory of political experiments, the

British Empire. We shall all learn the more quickly if we always bear in mind the one guiding principle for the general conduct of negotiations affecting foreign relations which the Report of Lord Balfour's Committee laid down. That principle was that each Government, having fulfilled the duty of informing of its intentions the others likely to be interested, could assume, in the absence of adverse comment, that its policy was generally acceptable, and could, in matters within its sphere, act accordingly ; but that no Government of the Empire is entitled to take any steps which might involve an active obligation on the other self-governing parts of the British Commonwealth without definite assent on the part of those other parties.

And now I pass on to a word on " co-operation." This may be only another aspect of " consideration." If you understand the point of view of the other man, that is the first step to helping him if he wants help. The point which I wish specially to emphasise is this : Now that no question arises as to the constitutional status of any of the self-governing parts of the Empire, each is free to develop its assistance to others precisely as it thinks best—in trade, in defence, in migration, in research, in countless other ways.

I confess that, as report after report on these and kindred subjects came up before the Imperial Conference last year, I was greatly struck with the help which the various parts of the Empire were

already giving one another. I was even more struck with the almost unlimited possibilities which still remain for extending and developing that help in a variety of ways.

Lastly, I come to "co-ordination." In one remarkable passage the Report of Lord Balfour's Committee says that the principles of equality and similarity appropriate to status do not universally extend to function. Thus the Government of which I have the honour to be the head, has had in the past, and still admittedly has, the major responsibility in matters of foreign affairs and defence. Canada's share of responsibility is growing. But this diversity of function, in administrative matters, is largely a question of convenience, and can be altered quickly or slowly according to changing circumstances.

This is not the case with legislative and judicial forms, which at present rather enshrine differences of function than assert the principle of equality of status. The alteration of these forms is not an easy matter. They affect the life of all the body politic, and they ought not to be altered, still less destroyed, until it is quite certain that a system equally effective can be substituted for them.

How then did the Imperial Conference deal with this somewhat anomalous state of affairs? I come back to what I said just now—that we are a practical people. We do not want to alter just for the sake of alteration. We prefer to wait until inconvenience shows the necessity for change. Hence,

the Imperial Conference recommended alterations, to use a homely phrase, where the shoe pinched, and there alone. Otherwise it confined itself to the suggestion that legislative forms and so forth should be examined as opportunity arises, and it proposed methods by which that examination should take place, so that when the time would come any necessary changes would have been thought out, and would also be effective for their purpose.

I have often tried myself, in the light of what we did at the last conference, to put into two or three homely words what I thought ought to be good rules for all of us practical statesmen in our conduct of affairs in the various parts of the British Empire, and in the British Empire as a whole, and I will put them, if I may, in this way :

(1) British problems in our history have always been solved *ambulando*. Let us go on doing that.

(2) Let us not be in a hurry to define. Definitions and the desire for definitions split Christendom into fragments in its early days, and it has never recovered yet.

(3) Do not keep plucking up the plant to see what the roots are doing.

Perhaps I may include in a single sentence what I conceive to have been the real value of the Imperial Conference, and the reason for its success. It was able to demonstrate to the world, as well as to ourselves, the British Empire as it was and as it might become.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND

Address to the Canadian Club at Ottawa
3rd August 1927

I WANT to talk to you for a short time this afternoon about England. We are all busy people, both there and here, and it may sometimes be that we do not sympathise sufficiently with each other's position and difficulties, merely because we do not know enough about them. I have come over here to try to interpret our people to you, and I am going back to try to interpret you to them.

You have probably heard a good deal of talk knocking about the world in the last few years to the effect that the British fibre is becoming relaxed, that we are losing our spirit of adventure, and that we are growing a little soft. There is a very short answer to all that nonsense. It is only nine years since our people and you and some others went through the toughest experience that ever faced a nation. What we were then we are still. A nation like ours does not trouble to contradict a calumny of that kind. Everyone of English blood knows perfectly well our national habit of ironic self-depreciation. We mask our pride in that way,

and it very often misleads the stranger, not always to his advantage.

Our people, as they always have been, are a grimly practical people, and we do not believe that a man can demonstrate his superiority merely by crowing. We think the most suitable place to crow is at the Poultry Congress. The same story is told, not wholly in a friendly spirit, about our industrial situation and our economic position. We are said to be industrially a back number : when our workpeople are not striking they go on the "dole," and our employers are on the golf links ; commercially it is all up with us, and therefore you should place your orders anywhere except in Great Britain. There was once a Latin poet who said that it was a very sweet thing, when you were standing on the shore during a storm, to watch your neighbour struggling in the waters. A good many have indulged in that pleasure in recent years, but we are still swimming, and swimming with a good deal of vigour. We have had our difficulties. I need hardly say to you that, as usual, we have made the most of them. I am sometimes tempted to think that we advertise our difficulties better than we do our manufactures, and we have had them advertised for us by disgruntled politicians and a good many others. You know the family failing : we do not wear our hearts on our sleeves ; we wear our grievances there, and our grumbles we bind round our foreheads like phylacteries for all to see.

What are these difficulties upon which so much eloquence has been expended? They arise from two simple facts peculiar to Great Britain. We all have our own peculiar difficulties. I want you to understand the peculiar difficulties of Great Britain. First, there is our geographical situation, and secondly, our position is predominantly that of a manufacturing country. Before the war we were living in a system which we had inherited; it had been growing up unperceived for perhaps three or four generations. It was the constant exchange of goods—primary goods coming in, manufactured goods going out, to and from pretty nearly every port in the world; and, as that commerce had been built up in the nineteenth century, so there had grown up with it unperceived, and working with so little friction that its existence was hardly recognised, a most perfect system of banking and credit. Those of us who thought at all on these things were too apt to regard them as a dispensation of Providence: it had existed, it did exist, and it always would exist.

And then came the war. And in the middle of all that system, the action of the war was like the thrusting of a poker into the machinery of a watch: the whole delicate mechanism was disturbed and in many cases broken. We found that the contact with the various markets of the world was in fact so sensitive that dislocation in one was reflected in all, and that very vastness of the area where we used to trade

proved in those troublous years after the war one of the greatest handicaps from which we had to suffer. If I may add a term that has been very familiar in France and in Belgium, our devastated territories were not the lands of our own country: our devastated territories were those in which our markets had been broken and where credit had been destroyed. We had something more to do than to build up and to restore our own territory: we had to help build up again the whole world's commercial system, and all our foreign policy abroad has been conducted with that one object, to restore credit and to ensure peace.

Now, there came with us, as with many countries immediately after the war, one of the shortest, one of the most vicious, and one of the most artificial trade booms that we had ever experienced. It collapsed with appalling suddenness, and many people failed to realise that with that the days of inflated money had gone. Side by side with that there was the economic position at home.

In an old industrial system like ours we had arrived at a position of comparative stability with regard to wages. The wages in the manifold trades of Great Britain had become more or less stabilised as the result of the constant higgling between employers and men, largely through their trade unions, over some two or three generations. Wages were apportioned largely according to what the different trades could bear while maintaining their

competitive power abroad. Now, in the war, six millions of men were taken out of industry into the fighting services, and three millions of men and women were taken into the munition works, and the whole of that carefully built up system of wage-regulated industry went by the board in those four years. Wages became largely a matter of, if not Government control, Government interference, because so many were working directly for the State in the manufacture of munitions. And, broadly speaking, one of the most curious tendencies by the end of the war was the levelling up of the unskilled man at the expense of the skilled, and the leaving till after the war of this awful problem of deciding what rates of wages would be paid in the skilled industries when they resumed work.

When work was resumed—and you may imagine what a task it was to get back those millions of workers into the ordinary trade of the country—we found that some of our greatest and most stable industries suffered most: cotton, coal, engineering, iron and steel, and shipbuilding. I need not give you the reasons for this; they are fairly patent; but if I were to attempt to do so time would not permit it. You must take that as a fact from me. But you all know how coal, which I have just mentioned as an industry that suffered, depends not only on the export trade, which is of very great importance to us, but depends also on stability and prosperity among those great

industries which I have mentioned ; and the mere fact of those industries being so depressed reacted on a trade like coal. At the same time they were unable to restore their pre-war export trade, largely owing to the fact that other countries in Europe, who had been our chief customers in the past, were both producing themselves more coal than they needed and suffering from such trouble in the matter of their currency that the very conduct of international trade itself was imperilled at the outset.

Then, again, you are happier than we are in this, that your industry is far more balanced than ours. You have your enormous agricultural interests. If we had had an agricultural industry equal in the number it employed and in importance to our manufacturing industries, then, indeed, it would have been far easier to come through. But our industry in that regard is lopsided, and we had no counterbalancing weight, which agriculture might have been. We cannot produce the food we need ; we have to purchase it from abroad. We have to purchase our raw materials from abroad. And with the contracted market which we have for exports, you may imagine that it was no easy matter to finance the purchases that we required without laying a very severe burden on our people.

Our unemployment problem, of which you have probably heard a great deal and about which there is a great deal of misunderstanding, has been that

of those industries which I have endeavoured to describe. Look at cotton. I want to show you the effect the export market has on these trades. The principal markets for cotton exports are India and China. In India there has been a good deal of political trouble. Now, I am glad to say, it is getting better. But it has interfered with the cotton trade very severely. You have the whole of China in a state of civil war, which has lasted for some time and which will probably last for some time longer. In addition to that, owing to world conditions, the prices of the raw material have been on the high side in recent years. So in that great industry, which is the principal interest of Lancashire, the outlook has been extremely difficult for some time.

Of coal I do not intend to say more at the moment. I have just touched on that. But in the engineering and iron and steel trades we are suffering from a natural reaction from the war. We had to make an enormous expansion in these industries for the purposes of the war, and it has been estimated that we can now produce half as much again in iron and steel as we could produce before the war. It is not likely that in the present condition of the world market we shall be able to employ this increase of producing power.

And there is one other thing that hits us: we are trying, as all nations of the world are trying, step by step, to encourage disarmament among the

peoples. But it is rather hard. One has to remember this, that in so far as we are successful in disarmament, which is a necessity as a prelude to world peace and to economic prosperity—for the time being we bring infinite suffering on districts in Great Britain like the Clyde, the Tyne, Barrow and Sheffield; and half the trouble now in Sheffield, where unemployment has been so grievous, comes from the fact that in Sheffield during the war were congregated masses of men for the production of munitions of war. In Sheffield are situated some of the largest works for making armour plating and constructing big guns, and those are the very places that have suffered so since the war, that are suffering to-day, and must suffer for some years to come, from the very efforts we are making in the cause of world peace.

In shipbuilding I dare say our experience is not unique, but there was an enormous and uneconomic expansion of building following immediately on the war. It was brought about to make good the losses of tonnage in the war, and a great deal of that tonnage was not good running tonnage. But there it lay on the water, a deterrent to future shipbuilding. Tonnage is international. It is the aggregate of the world's tonnage that really guides ship owners as to whether they will build or not, and, the recovery of international trade having been so slow, the taking up of the world's shipbuilding has lagged behind too. That has been

the reason why the shipbuilding of the world in the last few years has shown so few signs of recovery. These, in outline, have been our chief difficulties with regard to industry.

I think perhaps what I have said to you about the dislocation of wages agreements in the trades has been sufficient to show you that the settling of fresh wages bases in industry in England has been a task, and is indeed a task of supreme difficulty.

I want you to bear that in mind because there is a tendency, perhaps outside England more than inside England, to say that the working classes of England are revolutionary, that they are out for trouble, and that they care more about causing trouble than they do about getting work. That is a very gross exaggeration, and it is a gross calumny on a very fine body of men. You may see that in such a situation as I have endeavoured to describe there is the material for trouble, and it is perfectly true that there are in England, as there are in every country in the world, men who want to utilise that material for causing trouble. They are a minority, and a very small minority too. But put yourself in the place of the working man who remembers the time before the war, when things were stable, when there were well-marked differences in wage conditions between the skilled men and the unskilled, and when there did not exist, as there do to-day, what we call the sheltered trades and the unsheltered, and you can imagine the

discomfort and the irritation which he feels in the uncertainty of the whole position as well as in the difficulty in many of the trades, which he remembers as stable and steady trades—the difficulty in those trades of his getting regular employment. Can you wonder that at times he feels almost as though he could despair about the future? Yet that very future he is facing almost universally with a courage and with a patience which in my view are beyond all praise.

When we speak of unemployment, do not ever forget this, that while you hear of the unemployment which is bad in these great industries, yet all along we have ninety per cent. of our people at work. Unemployment averages now about ten per cent. And remember, again, that that is not a standing army. It represents signatures on the registers of the unemployment exchanges and embraces a lot of men who are just between jobs. In two or three of the industries, undoubtedly, men have been out of work for a long continuous period, and I am afraid it may be some time longer that they will remain out of work in England. The unemployed in England are not "workshys." There may be some among them, just as there are everywhere. I have known "workshys" in black coats—plenty of them. There are not more of them among the registered unemployed in England to-day than there are in any other class. I hope very much that it may be possible before very long

to have a closer contact between those whose prospects of getting employment at home in the near future are dark, and the authorities of some of the Dominions where perhaps their work may be of value and where they would make just as good citizens as the generation before made, many of whose sons are in this room to-day.

Now let me say a word or two on the "dole," which I find is a very popular subject.

It became clear after the war that we were going to have much irregular employment, and there was introduced, not a "dole," but a very comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance which covered eleven millions of workers. It is a compulsory scheme. The employers and the workmen have to contribute every week. The State contributes, but the employers and the workpeople contribute more, and in the course of the last financial year the contributions of the employers and the men amounted to thirty-four million pounds sterling. I want the fact of these payments by the three parties to be appreciated; it is nearly fifty million pounds sterling. That is an insurance, and when a man who has contributed and whose employer has contributed and for whom the State has contributed finds himself out of work and he takes an insurance payment week after week, that payment has been earned; it is not charity.

The talk of the "dole" came largely from this, that when we got fresh enormous masses of men

going out of work owing to the disorganisation of trade, in the coal trade and other trades, it became perfectly plain that if money were to be paid out on the contributions then made, and without further aid from the State, the scheme would be pretty nearly bankrupt ; and a loan—or, as we should say in business terms, an overdraft—was allowed. I forget at this moment the exact figure of the overdraft allowed—it was between twenty and thirty millions ; an overdraft of something like those proportions was allowed on account of the insurance fund. The payments that were to be contributed were slightly raised, and they were to be kept at the higher figure until this overdraft was paid off as trade got better, when the figure would revert to what it was originally. That overdraft has fluctuated. We brought it down just before the general strike last year to a trifling amount of about six or seven millions. The strike sent it up, and now, I think, it is again falling. At this moment, if my memory serves, it stands at something over twenty millions, but we are working it off and we shall work it off, and when it is worked off, then the payments from masters, from men and from the State will be reduced and the unemployment insurance will, I hope, function in a normal way. But I want you to realise that what is called the " dole " is in effect a contract for something paid down. It has been paid for. The men are paying for the benefits which they get. In these most grievous times they are

apt to overdraw those benefits, and they are allowed to overdraw them, but they have to pay them back, and they will pay them back.

It is incorrect to say that England is in a state of industrial decline. These great industries I have spoken of have suffered, are suffering, and will suffer for some time longer until the readjustments are completed, but we have many new industries in the country. Many of our industries are expanding, and we are feeling our way towards a new industrial balance. You must remember that in those four years of the war we and the other nations engaged in it passed through a period of change, of revolution in ideas, that might be measured by half a century or a century of normal times. In the industrial relations of the country you can hear the groaning and the creaking of the new structure as it is all fitting into place. The groaning and creaking sound a good deal louder when the noise of it is brought across the ocean by amplifiers.

You will see in what I have said, and I have spoken to you as I could speak in no other country outside England, for I regard this from my point of view as England, we always confess—we of the blood always confess our difficulties. Let us confess them and discuss them amongst ourselves. Don't let us ever discuss them with other people. Let us discuss them amongst ourselves and take counsel together. I have not attempted to minimise our difficulties. I make no

exaggerated claim about our success. Remember this. In England to-day we are in a condition of growth and adaptation to a new world. We are entering upon it full of courage and full of hope. The symptoms of the wounds and injuries of the war have been obvious to the world ; they are much more obvious than the signs of health ; but the wise doctor when he is watching the progress of a patient recovering from wounds watches with far more deep-seeing eyes. He knows the meaning of those healing currents of life which are moving again upon their task throughout the body politic.

EDUCATION AND NATIONAL LIFE

Address to the Canadian Club at Toronto
6th August 1927

I AM here, as I have said in other places, merely as an interpreter of England to you, and I trust that later on I shall be an interpreter of you to England. And I would like, before I get on the subject on which I intend to address you this afternoon, to tell you what I hope may interest a Toronto audience. On one Saturday in the year I always take a holiday and go down to Henley, and there I meet all the men of the British rowing world, many of whom are old friends of mine. Everyone I saw on that Saturday this year was full of praise of your Joe Wright as one of the best scullers and cleanest sportsmen that had ever come across. I do not think I am betraying any confidence when I tell you what one or two of those old oarsmen told me. They said they did not believe it possible that whichever of the two men, Joe Wright or David Collett, had won that heat on the Thursday could survive in the final, because, they said, it was the most wonderful race that had ever been seen at Henley or anywhere else; that the winner of it, whoever he was, could not have had enough physical

strength left in him to row a winning race by Saturday. I hope I have not broken any confidence there. I do not know whether Joe Wright would agree with that. I thought you would like to hear that, because we all feel that his sculling was a thing worth going a long way to see.

I have spoken on two or three different aspects of life in England at gatherings like this, partly in the hope that it might interest my audiences and partly in the hope that something I might say might be of use to you in dealing with your manifold problems, which are in some ways like, and in many ways so different from, our own. When I am in Ontario I feel I should like to make my main theme the subject of education, because Ontario has always taken the lead in education. We are enormously interested to see how she is grappling with her problems. She is famous for her schools, and, in Toronto, her university and her colleges. I do not know whether I am right in thinking that it may be largely due to the fact that among the earlier settlers of Ontario you had perhaps a full proportion of Scotsmen. Although I am an Englishman, I have always recognised that it is to the love of education in Scotland—which existed long before it became really popular in England—that the success of the Scotsmen, both in the British Isles and abroad, is largely due.

I will be as brief as I can about England. I want you to realise that we have between five and

six million children in our primary schools, and we keep them there now till the age of fourteen. It is a very difficult problem to know how to make the best use of those last years of life in the primary school. We are experimenting in various directions, but it is essential to provide an education that will fit not only the child of great ability, but also the ordinary child, the one that is called the stupid child, who very often is the pupil that makes good later on.

It is much easier to deal with this problem in the towns than in the country. England, outside the big towns, is what I believe you are, essentially a country of small schools. Forty per cent. of our schools contain a hundred scholars or less. You may be surprised to hear that in a country so densely populated as ours, the village school holds so prominent a place in rural life. The difficulty is in the staffing and the accommodation. The teacher, often with inadequate assistance, has generally to deal with groups of children of all ages, ranging from five to fourteen.

In secondary education our problem is this. I do not know whether it has been the case with you, but in England itself the one happy result of the war has been to stimulate a real interest in education, such as had never existed before, and one of the proofs of that is the way in which people have come tumbling over each other to get secondary and university education for their sons and daughters.

We have nearly doubled our attendance at secondary schools as between 1914 and last year. It has gone up from 180,000 students to 342,000. Full-time students attending university courses numbered about 20,000 before the war. The increase there is over 100 per cent., for that figure of 20,000 has grown now to 42,000.

We are struggling in another direction, in which you have taken some interest: that is, to get some kind of common life among the students at the newer universities where the college system, such as has always existed at Oxford and Cambridge, has not hitherto come into being. I believe that in Toronto you have set a wonderful example with your Hart House, of which I have heard a great deal and would like to hear more. We feel that, important as it is to educate men from books, an equally important part of education is what they get from rubbing their brains up against one another, and that from our universities, good as they may be, we want to turn out not only lettered men, but men with a knowledge of life.

One other aspect of your university work has given me intense pleasure. Lately some picked graduates from Canada are beginning to play their part in looking after those parts of the Empire where the white man goes out, often alone, to teach, to educate and to bring along the more backward races of Empire. There is no more self-sacrificing work, there is no finer work, and you see Canadians

to-day in the Sudan, Malaya, Mauritius, and in the colonial service generally—medical men, highly educated men in the Civil Service, helping to bear the white man's burden. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that it is not enough for a country to concentrate solely on making a lot of money for itself; that a real spiritual force comes into it when its sons are ready, as for generations Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotsmen have been ready, to give up the comforts and ease of home life and go out on that pioneer work to bring forward those backward parts of the world and try to help them to benefit from the things that have profited us so much in the years past.

For the adult worker in England, we have one or two associations, well known to you. There is the Workers' Educational Association, which operates also on this side of the Atlantic and in the other Dominions, and every university or university college in the British Isles is now engaged on this work of adult education.

Talking of university work, I could pay a tribute, indeed, to your university here, but I want to pay a special tribute to your medical schools. My medical friends tell me that Toronto is second to none in North America, and that the work of several branches at McGill is equal and perhaps superior to the best work in England. It is from Toronto that your Dr. Banting has presented the world with insulin. That being so, I am sure you will be

interested to know that in England in the last twenty years we have been paying a great amount of attention to medical work in our primary schools. In a crowded industrial country like ours we came to realise that the physical condition of our people was a matter of primary importance, and that it was a waste of time and money in many cases to try to educate children who were not fit physically to benefit by that education. So we have gone in for medical inspection from the earliest ages, from which a great deal of good has been derived—medical advice and medical help from infancy upwards—and I can myself testify to the extraordinary improvement in the appearance of our children in the big towns in England, that I have noticed in the last ten or twenty years. The children are far healthier, far better looking, far better kept and better clothed.

There is one thing I want you always to bear in mind about Great Britain. It does not apply in the same way to you, for you are younger than we are, and in coming over here you have had the inestimable advantage of being able to make a clean start. We could not do that. With the introduction of mechanical inventions, industrialism developed in our country so quickly that it all swept over the land before we realised what was happening. Industrialism, unfortunately, had a long, long start on education. Our compulsory system of primary education is younger than your

Confederation. Your Confederation was three years old when we first had our Elementary Education Act. We have made gigantic strides, but we have yet a great deal to do, and you will easily gather from what I said at the beginning of my observations that the greatest hope I have for our country is in the widespread kindling of that real desire for education which I regard as almost the only fruit of the war on which I can look with satisfaction.

I know that many idealists expect too much, and expect it too quickly. Our Minister of Education was complaining the other day that the habit of superficial reading in England was one of the diseases from which we suffered most. That may be true. That is not the fault of elementary education. I have never discovered that the habit of superficial reading was peculiar to any one class in the country. It is quite true—I think there is more justice in this—that our education is devoted possibly too much to preparation for professional and industrial careers, and we are apt to lose sight of the importance of education as an end in itself. If you regard education solely from the point of view of enabling you to earn a salary, useful as that may be, you miss one of the best things for which education stands.

We in England also suffer very much—I do not suppose you do, and if you did I would not criticise it—from very clever physicians who are always prepared to prescribe for the body politic with a

great deal of intellectual agility, which is equalled only by their ignorance of human nature. These people in Europe are called the " intelligentsia "—a very ugly word for a very ugly thing. But there is a cure for the kind of education which I have endeavoured to describe, and the cure for that is not less education, but more experience. I rejoice to think that experience is not in the hands of schoolmasters to teach us, but in the hands of Providence, Who takes very great care that we shall gain it.

There are some pessimists abroad—not in Canada —who think that democracy means the destruction of all culture. A very learned and very modern historian has just written a long book to prove this, and it closes with the gloomy suggestion that the Roman Empire fell the moment that culture was brought to the masses ; but I am much cheered to think that not only is that writer a Russian, but he wrote since the revolution. What is important in the educational system of a democratic state is not only that we should level the mass upwards so far as it is capable of rising, but that, as Plato taught, over two thousand years ago, we should give the golden children of iron parents their chance to soar away into the blue. Make the high-roads of learning wide, make them free to all who can walk, but do not prohibit motors or flying.

I may confess to men here, of a stock so largely English, that our English intelligence is sometimes

apt to be despised by nations that think they are quicker-witted than we are. Our most valuable real estate is our character—its steadiness, its reliability, its personal integrity, its capacity for toleration and for a quiet, humorous boredom with things. The general strike in England, which was not without its alarming aspects, illustrated all these qualities in our people. We have our defects. Some of them are serious. I do not purpose discussing them away from home. I have done many foolish things; I have never fouled my own nest, nor gone abroad crying stinking fish. I leave that to those who like to do it.

Now, I always maintain that the great service that education renders to democracy is the same service that we hope to gain from religion. They work, or ought to work, hand in hand. It is to keep the moral weights and measures true to standard; and not only true to standard—true to the highest standard. And let us have that applied impartially to all classes of the community from the top to the bottom. There are those who would empty the conception of the state of all moral qualities, and they would confine education to a bread-and-butter business. If I may paraphrase Nurse Cavell's dying words, such patriotism is not enough. Moral standards, applied as I suggest, are the surest way to achieve that fundamental social unity which is postulated by democracy. It would dissolve the abuse of wealth, the empty parade of luxury, the

power of the demagogue, and it might even, as we are approaching the millennium, curb the sensational press.

Your problems in Canada differ from ours in another way. It has been said that history is a time-limit and geography a space-circle. Our time-limit is longer than yours, your space-circle far wider than ours. We are overwhelmed by history, and you by geography. But in spite of that fundamental difference, the moral enterprises upon which we as nations are embarked are identical. You have, it is true, to build up your own spiritual values—the soul of your nation—with a powerful neighbour, a permeating neighbour, to the south of you. We in England have been called insular, but our development has been profoundly affected by the proximity of the continent of Europe. We cannot escape European influence. We never have done it in our history. We lose, and we gain, by the proximity of great and influential civilisations. We have, indeed, had to move our magnetic apparatus from our observatory at Greenwich into a quiet Surrey village because new electrical power stations and the rumbling of road and railway traffic in that neighbourhood disturbed the instruments and deflected them from the truth. You cannot move nations about. You cannot put them into a position of isolation from the rest of the world, in which they may maintain their own peculiar characteristics.

So far as I, a visitor, may judge, you in modern

Canada are shaping your own destiny with a vigorous independence. I do not purpose telling you of the evidence that makes me believe that. You know it, and you believe it yourselves, which is what really matters. But all the institutions of your public life are of the deepest interest to a man like myself, who has to face, during his comparatively short term of office, problems of great magnitude, the solution of which may affect not only our own islands, but the destinies of the Empire.

What I think one wants to look at in a nation to see the signs of health are its civic morality, its administration of the law, the influence of the churches, the tone of its press, the freedom of its universities, and, I would add, last but not least, the conduct of its sport. If those things are sound, then we may be happy and take courage.

Canada too—and here I hope I am not being impertinent in offering you a respectful word of congratulation—Canada now is beginning to make her name in the arts, in music and the drama, and in literature. Before the war she had done good work ; as a result of the war she has written some poems which have run round the world. I watch that development with the most profound sympathy, with the keenest appreciation and with the greatest hope for the future.

Why I chose to-day to speak to you about education was partly, as I said, because I wanted you to know what we were doing. I wanted you to know

that our people are at last keenly interested in that subject. I wanted to express to you what I thought education meant and could do; and I wanted to learn what you are doing here.

I would add a word or two on lines on which I have often spoken in England to great masses of our own people.

The whole world to-day, with one or two exceptions, is singing loudly the praises of democracy. The whole world renders lip-service to democracy. It has learned that cry from the English-speaking peoples. Our great task in the future is to show the world what democracy can mean. There have been democracies in the past. There are democracies to-day. I like to think that no democracy to-day is even a shadow of the democracies that our children's children may see in years to come.

Freedom—which you guard so well in Canada—can be maintained, as has so often been said, only by constant vigilance. A democracy can be maintained only when every man, woman and child in that democracy mean to do everything in their power to make that community better, stronger, freer. The reason so many democracies in the past have perished is because democracy is always, in the Old World, on a knife edge. Or, as I have often expressed it, it is a certain point in the circumference of a wheel. How often has mankind travelled on the circumference of that wheel, working its way, with infinite labour, to a point that you could call

democracy. Go but a little farther than that point and democracy becomes licence, licence becomes anarchy, and then the wheel goes full circle and anarchy comes back to tyranny, and man has to fight his way back out of tyranny once again.

We stand—we are convinced that we stand—on that part of the wheel called democracy, secure at the moment from either licence on the one hand or tyranny on the other. It is our task to keep the wheel in that position. We cannot keep it there without an educated people—educated not only in letters; educated in those deep and profound moral truths on which our forefathers first of all built up the British Islands and then went out to build up the Empire. You in Toronto, as much as those in any place in the whole Empire, are the children of those men. From your position, your influence on this great continent is great—must be great, and must increase. Resolve, every one of you, that you will give your best thought, your best work, not only to the furthering of your individual interests, which of course is necessary, but also to that greater community of which each of us is but a unit. Work for yourself, work for Canada, work for the whole Empire, and determine that so long as we speak the same tongue, obey the same God, obey the same laws, wherever we be situated, we remain to the end of time one people as the only hope of this world.

THE POSITION OF CANADA IN THE EMPIRE

Address at a Dinner given by the Province of Ontario
6th August 1927

I SPOKE at Ottawa the other night on Canada. I have spoken a good deal about England. I want to complete to-night what I began on Tuesday at Ottawa, and I want to speak for a few minutes on Canada as a pioneer of Empire. I do not intend to say anything about her pioneers who opened up the country; I want rather to speak of her work, within the British commonwealth of nations, in exploration of constitutional government.

We all know that Upper and Lower Canada in their time were pioneers in the change from representative institutions to self-government; that is to say, self-government as it was known to our grandfathers in the earlier half of the last century. But things have changed since then. In Lord Durham's time we attempted to link the development of Canadian freedom with the stable authority of an hereditary monarchy. That was the starting-point, and the logical outcome had to follow, namely, the confederation of several self-governing communities which still owed allegiance to a common Crown.

It would be superfluous here to say anything of the history of the Confederation of Canada, except that it is a part of your history of which every Canadian may be proud. And yet as an Englishman I would add this, that it is a great pleasure to remember that the Parliament of Great Britain passed the British North America Act in no spirit of reluctance or grudging acquiescence. "We are laying the foundations of a great state," said Lord Carnarvon when he moved the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords; "perhaps one which at a future day may even overshadow this country." And in concluding his speech he said: "Come what may, we shall rejoice that we honestly and sincerely, to the utmost of our ability and knowledge, fostered their growth, recognising in it the condition of our own greatness. We are in this measure setting the crown to the free institutions which more than a century ago we gave them." In the House of Commons the feeling was just the same. The spokesman for the Government described the Bill as a "great and grave undertaking which liberated Canada to its natural destinies of self-reliance and innate growth and expansion." And it is good to recollect those words after all these years.

But self-government in internal affairs was not sufficient for long. The British Empire grew because of the spirit of freedom which ran in its veins. Liberty is its life-blood. Prescient and

far-seeing as Lord Durham was, he still could not anticipate the situation which has developed to-day. Here is his view of the limitations of self-government.

"The constitution of the form of government —the recognition of foreign relations, and of trade with the mother country, the other British colonies, and with foreign nations, and the disposal of the public lands, are the only points on which the mother country requires control. . . . A perfect subordination on the part of the colony on these points is secured by the advantages which it finds in the continuance of its connection with the Empire."

Lord Durham was writing nearly ninety years ago. Later generations, who have had the advantage of experience, have found such limitations unreal and the apprehensions which led to them unfounded.

The control of internal affairs led naturally and inevitably to a growing sense of the importance of external affairs, and to the taking of an ever-increasing share in the conduct of relations with countries outside her borders. If I were asked to give examples, I could cite, perhaps, the exercise of the treaty power and the question of representation in foreign countries. It is true this extension of power came gradually, sometimes fast, sometimes more slowly. Canada, it may be justly said, has been the leader in experiment and in achievement. But that the extension came is certain, and the

proof of its coming is to be found in the formula agreed upon at the Imperial Conference, in which it was laid down that Great Britain and the Dominions, while united by a common allegiance to the Crown, are in no way subordinated one to the other in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs.

Here in Canada this extension is perhaps in the nature of a formal proclamation of what has been, rather than an addition of what was not. Over forty years ago—and we do not all remember this—Lord Carnarvon, from whom I have already quoted, speaking in Montreal to a gathering of old friends who had negotiated the Confederation of 1867, was using language of this sort :

" The greatest gift," he said, " that the Crown and the Parliament of England have bestowed upon you seems to me to be this : that they have given you absolute, unqualified, unstinted freedom in self-government combined with a union with the ancient monarchy of England. In legislation, and in self-government, may you ever remain free as the winds of Heaven, but in loyalty to the Crown may you ever be bound in chains of adamant."

Some may think that in all the cases which I have cited Canada has been the claimer and receiver of rights within her political sphere. Let me then remind you of an instance in which Canada was the giver. Was she not the first, thirty years ago, freely to introduce the system of trade pre-

ference to the Mother Country? She gave, and she did not wait to claim reciprocity.

You will agree, I think, that the point which I set out to make hardly needs further proof, but it would not be out of place to remind you that in the agreement of 1921 which led to the constitution of the Irish Free State, Canada was taken as the pattern and the example. It is specifically laid down that, generally speaking, the position of the Irish Free State in relation to the Parliament and Government of Great Britain and to the Crown shall be that of the Dominion of Canada.

What, then, of the future? When I spoke at Ottawa a few days ago I was reminding my audience, as I have already reminded you, of the equal status of Great Britain and the Dominions, which the Conference recorded for the British Empire and for the world. That status, that freedom under the Crown, brings responsibilities as well as rights, and the exercise of those rights and those responsibilities for the ultimate good, not of a part alone, but also, when need arises, of the whole, is a task which will require all our political wisdom.

The problem which we have now to face is one which, so far as my knowledge goes, is unknown—unknown in history, unknown to-day in any other part of the world. There are seven self-governing communities—continents if you like—which, as your Prime Minister reminded us last autumn, are distinct in historical background, in racial com-

position, in neighbourhood and in national character. Yet we are all united by a wonderful network of ties, official and unofficial, by many proud memories, by common standards of life, by similar hopes and aspirations.

Our problem is how to maintain and develop this special relationship between the various parts of the world which owe allegiance to the King without entrenching on the liberties of any one part as it goes about its daily work, and nowhere is this problem more apparent than in the conduct of external relations where we have each to aim at a policy which will at least commend itself—to use no stronger term—to a number of different Governments and different Parliaments.

I was reading the other day a speech made in South Africa two years ago by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the course of which he said that the full conception of what is meant by brotherhood of free nations, such as ours, has still to be worked out. If I may say so, he seems to have summed up exactly the task which lies before Great Britain, before Canada and before the other Dominions.

That we shall solve this problem I am confident. We are not afraid of experiment. We should not be discouraged if experiments sometimes fail. We shall succeed by each one of the partner nations contributing not only knowledge and experience, but also sympathy and understanding.

Would it be rash to prophesy that in finding a solution Canada will take a leading part, that she will once again be a pioneer of Empire? She has achieved full nationhood already. She has achieved it, as I read her history, largely by her success in finding a practical working compromise between the many different elements which go to make up her national life. Now she is called upon to apply, in conjunction with the other nations of the British Commonwealth, no new principles, but the very same ones in the wider problems which confront the Empire to-day.

We have little to guide us but our own practical genius. There is no precedent for the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Empire we know to-day has been described, not inaccurately, as the third British Empire. That in itself suggests not only that we have a long history behind us, but that our history has been one of constant change. Other nations have grown into empires and perished. We are experimentalists and empiricists. We have transformed ourselves by an unrivalled power of adjustment from one sort of empire to another sort of empire, and again to a third sort, and in this very process of transformation, with its struggles, its defeats, its victories, shot through and through with passion and romance, we have wrought for ourselves a common tradition which transcends all local loyalties and binds us as one people. The Empire of our dreams, if not always of our deeds,

is compacted of great spiritual elements—freedom and law, fellowship and loyalty, honour and toleration. We have come through great tribulation together. We are jealous of freedom within our own borders, but we do believe that the unity of all our people is vital if we are to give our best service to mankind.

Our supreme duty as we confront the world is not the fostering of Imperial trade—vital as that is—but it is the preservation of the peace of the whole world. Here, I know, I speak for all parties at home. I voice the deep and earnest prayer of the whole British people. The world is so full of issues that divide and separate men from one another that we feel that the unity of the Empire is one of the most precious and sacred gains rescued from that long human conflict. To-day when we think of Empire we think of it primarily as an instrument of world peace.

You have been gathered into a great nation and been sent to sow beside many waters and to multiply sure dwellings in the wilderness. Mingled with your pride and our pride in the fruits of Confederation there is a fervent hope that we may be equal to our high imperial trust and that together we may be " reverent in the use of freedom, just in the exercise of power, and generous in the protection of weakness."

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE BRIDGE

Address at the Opening of the International Peace Bridge at Fort Erie
7th August 1927

It is a cause of profound satisfaction to me that, by a coincidence which to me at least is significant, I am able, while on a visit to Canada during her sixtieth year of Confederation, to be present to-day with Their Royal Highnesses and the Prime Minister of Canada at this thanksgiving and dedication ceremony, and to meet on this bridge the Vice-President of the United States of America and the Secretary of State. All bridges are proofs of friendship ; across them men of good-will may go on their lawful occasions, whether of commerce or of culture. But this bridge is no ordinary bridge : it stands as a sign and symbol of more than a century of peace between the United States of America on the one hand, and on the other Canada, with all the nations of the British Empire. I wish that the path to international peace were as smooth and as straight as this great highway. Unhappily, to that goal of our desire there is as yet no royal road. Problems have arisen and will arise, opinions vary and will vary as to how they should be solved.

Only recently we have had an instance of this in the Naval Conference at Geneva. We have had to differ for the moment, but we know in our hearts that this does not affect our friendship. The first task of the statesman, as of the bridge-builder, is to lay his foundations secure. The statesmen of the past have, as this bridge testifies, well and truly laid the foundations of friendship and good-will in the hearts of our people—in the hearts of both our peoples : we who have succeeded to their great responsibilities are building, and are determined to build, so far as in us lies, an enduring structure worthy of its foundations.

EMPTY SPACES AND WILLING HANDS

Address delivered at Calgary
12th August 1927

THIS is my maiden speech in the West, and as such I hope it will be received with that delicate consideration which is always accorded in the House of Commons to maiden speeches.

I thank you for the wonderful reception which you have given me. I want to tell you with what peculiar pleasure I have met one of your most promising citizens, the owner of the E.P. Ranch. I understand that he purposes shortly paying a visit to England. I should like to assure him, on behalf of the people of that country, of as warm a welcome there as he has received here.

It would be difficult for me to give you an impression. I have been here perhaps forty-eight hours. But I think what struck me most when I woke up the morning after leaving the forests and lakes and rivers of Ontario was to see that black earth to which the Acting Premier (Mr. Reid) has alluded, which reminded me so much of that soil that lies in our own Fenland in England, between Cambridge, which I know so well, and King's Lynn in Norfolk, and the moment I saw that soil

I said to myself, " Potatoes." Of course I do not pretend to know yet what you do with your soil, but in England I should have said, " Potatoes."

And I must say I was struck with the potatoes I saw around every home, however small. They looked, from the train, first-class quality ; and I noticed how in places where the home was just starting they had a traction engine just outside, and a fence half completed, but always the potatoes. It reminded me of what an old farmer in Worcestershire said to me years ago—and I do not suppose you farmers are much different from what we are in Worcestershire : " If God Almighty gave the whole earth to a farmer to farm, he would want a bit outside for a potato patch."

I speak with a good deal of humility about agriculture in the West, because it struck me before I had been travelling long that it would not take many of your larger elevators to hold all the wheat which we grow at home.

When it comes to live stock I feel a little more confident. I believe that numerically you have more hogs than we have, and I think you have more cattle, but I am quite sure we can beat you in sheep —at present at all events—although I saw between here and the mountains some country that looked to me to be very nice country for sheep, very much like the downland country in Berkshire or Sussex at home. If that grass is half as good for sheep as

is the grass at home that it looks like, that bit of country, I think, will do very well.

But though we grow so little wheat, we get a pretty good yield per acre, and though perhaps our flocks and herds may not be among the largest in the world, I am still Briton enough to think that they are second to none in quality.

I do not think anybody could travel in Canada as I have travelled, even for this short time, without realising how deeply rooted in the soil is the prosperity of the whole Dominion. Fisheries, manufactures, lumber and minerals are all important, and increasingly important, but the backbone of the country is and must be the man who is the backbone of the world—the man who sows and reaps.

I feel I want to take my hat off to the men and women who came out and settled this wonderful country. Most of them began with the barest necessities in the way of equipment and tools, and probably they were borrowed at that, and they have wrought out homes for themselves. They have made this great country. They have made its fame run round the world as one of the pioneer countries in agriculture. There has been a tremendous fight with nature, and that fight will go on. It will go on as long as the pioneer spirit remains in the breasts of those descended from the mother country and from the more adventurous races of Europe.

I know well, for I have often heard what the city man says, that the farmer's life is an enviable life ; that he does not know what the hourly worries of the professional and the business man are. It is quite true that is one little bit of the picture, and there is another bit of the picture which you enjoy before you come to look at the other side. I always think the unique pleasure of the settler must be that feeling that he is ploughing where no man has ever ploughed before—that taming of nature, the breaking in of the wilderness, the watching of the growth of the crops, spreading through the virgin land, and adding year by year to the cultivated domain, and the watching year by year of the fords becoming bridged, the trail becoming a road, the advent of the railroad, the advent of the telephone, and the little post office becoming a township.

Such men grow up with the country. This last generation has been doing it. Instability has become stability, it has become security, it has become independence. And such men see the seasons pass, seed-time and harvest, and the sun and the moon and the stars and the northern lights. But, against all that, what the city man so seldom realises is what that daily conflict with nature is —a conflict from which he by his environment has been removed for possibly two or three generations ; the loneliness, the long hours, the monotony of a great deal of the work ; the heartbreaking

set-backs when crops are ruined and when stock dies ; at times the loneliness for the women ; the meagre returns that come in bad years from the capital and the infinity of labour and thought which have been expended on the land. It is an epic of human life, and the West should produce poets to describe it.

When I speak of the settlers I am reminded of one thing that struck me, coming through these provinces : it is such a short time since the pioneers came and the country was opened up. While there is yet time, keep the story of those generations alive, that the tradition of those great spirits may be handed down to the generations to come: for those things so soon pass and are so soon forgotten. There never can be again a time such as the last half-century has been in the opening up of the West. Treasure the memory of the work of the men and women who first made the country, and let their names go down to their remotest descendants.

Now, in this country you have a territory capable of supporting tens of millions of people. On our side of the Atlantic we have certainly tens of thousands out of employment—through no fault of their own, remember, but largely through the greatly increased productivity of industry during those terrible war years, coupled with the dislocation of world trade, and the diminished demand for manufactures, which was the most tragic result to our

country of those years. I want to bring the empty spaces and the willing hands together.

Many people, here and at home, are apt to turn up their noses at the thought of men who have been engaged in industry making good on the land. Now, on that I want to make an observation. All the time the human race has been on this earth —and no one knows how long that is—man has had to get a livelihood out of the soil. The industrial system has lasted for about three generations, a mere flea-bite of time compared with the time when we all worked on the land. There is no working man in industry, there is no employer in industry, there is no great banker, there is no one in the cities, about whom, if you go back two or three or four generations, you do not find that his forbears worked in some capacity or another on the land. That instinct is hereditary. For a million years perhaps we have worked on the land. And is that instinct going to be destroyed by a mere fragment of time in the factory or the city? The idea is absurd.

You look in our towns at home and see how men, if they have a chance, will dig in allotment gardens and will produce vegetables and fruit to compete with anyone. Look how the garden flowers come out at once in the new homes in the new countries. Look how the flowers are tended where they can get them in cottage windows in the poorest quarters of the towns at home.

There is a tremendous appeal in land to every human being. I have no doubt myself that, even though men have for a generation or two lost that close touch with the soil, they can regain it with joy to themselves and with health to their souls. After the war we in Great Britain learned that from the success that attended the settlement on the land of ex-soldiers. Many of them had had no experience at all in farming, and they are doing well in our country ; and we have sent many out here, and they are doing well here. I am told that one of your best farmers in one of the ex-soldier settlements is a man who before the war was an army cook. These are the people to encourage.

They are people of precisely the same stock that peopled the Maritime Provinces and that peopled Ontario, and the stock from which most of you yourselves have sprung. The stock is as good as ever it was, and if some of the hands at home may be a little bit rusty, I have no doubt that that could quickly be remedied.

Canada has given us a very good lead in one or two directions—directions towards improving rural life—a life that must be in places, for some time to come, a lonely one, yet a far more tolerable one than it must have been to those who opened up the country. You have developed the telephone far better than we have in rural districts, and, as the Acting Premier mentioned in his address to me, you have gone much farther,

and to your own profit, in co-operation than we have in England. With your creameries, with your wheat-selling, with your wool-grading and selling, with your fruit-grading and selling, you have made immense progress on the only lines on which farmers can progress (I am making myself very unpopular at home by telling them that)—the lines of self-help and of looking after yourselves instead of waiting for someone to look after you.

There is one activity of yours to which we in Great Britain owe a good deal; I mean the Women's Rural Institutes. They originated in Ontario, and I am told they have done a great work in Alberta. We have paid you the compliment of copying you, and we have copied you to some tune. We took the idea from you to an Anglesea village, in North Wales, twelve years ago, and we have now four thousand Institutes and a quarter of a million members. We cannot be too grateful to you for giving us the idea. These Institutes have brought interest, activity, fresh life and happiness into hundreds of villages in Great Britain. They have tapped reservoirs of local talent that were hardly suspected. They have given a stimulus to education, to home industries, and to many forms of co-operation which I hope to see extended considerably at home.

I have even been told that in the West these Women's Institutes pave the way for the wife of the new settler; that when the weary traveller arrives, probably feeling very strange and not a

little homesick at first, she finds the kettle simmering on the hob, put there under the auspices of the local Women's Institute. It is little incidents like that that make one feel so sure of the future of Canada.

Governments come and governments go, and policies come and policies go, but man is more than governments and more than constitutions. You have in this great West, as was told me in both those addresses you presented to me, means of material prosperity. You have many races from which you can extract the best that each has to give you. You have peace-loving peoples and you have the adventurous souls who look beyond the ridges where the strange roads go down. But common to all these, and common to all the races that make up your great population—common to them all is the enduring kindness and courage of the heart of man. In spite of wars, in spite of misunderstandings, the spirit of brotherhood is growing with the years. At times, by racial selfishness, by self-interest, it may be arrested, but yet it increases, as sixty years of your federation have abundantly proved. It increases day by day with the knowledge that unity is strength, and that co-operation and good-will inevitably bring in their train prosperity and peace.

FARMING

Address delivered at Regina
13th August 1927

I AM deeply indebted to the people of Regina for the extraordinary welcome which they have given me and all our party this morning. We are indeed glad to be here, and to hear from the addresses which have been read that note of hope and optimism which rings so truly and so lightly through them.

I remember a saying that a pessimist is a man who, when confronted with a choice of two evils, chooses them both. I take it from this that an optimist is one who acts in an entirely opposite direction. Having left Great Britain, and being on a visit to Canada, regarding Great Britain and regarding Canada I pronounce myself an optimist.

Here in Saskatchewan, broadly speaking, you are all farmers, and I want you, in your very difficult life here, just to have a kindly—and may I add—a respectful thought for the farmers in Great Britain. I say that because my desire during this brief visit has been, as I have said over and over again, to try to interpret to some extent my country to you,

and when I get back it will be to interpret you to my country.

It may well be that, looking from a new country like this to the old one, you may feel that our farming industry has not made that progress which seems so natural to you, with the unbounded opportunities that lie before you. Remember this, that in a great degree the prosperity of the New World has meant grave difficulties for the agriculture of the Old. Under the free-trade system of the British Isles the competition to which our farmers have been subjected from the virgin soils, first in the United States and then in Canada, has been withering, so far as the production of grain is concerned. Industrially, Great Britain during the last sixty years has been progressing by leaps and bounds. The wonder to me is that, after the centuries during which agriculture has been carried on in the British Isles, the British farmer has succeeded as far as he has done, by constant struggle, by constant improvement, by development in every way, in adapting himself to the changed circumstances of the world.

Farming in Great Britain can never be farming for wheat on a large scale. Farming there is becoming more intensive. We have been undertaking in the last two or three years a new industry, the growing of sugar beet, which is coming undoubtedly as a great relief in some of the old corn-growing parts of the country.

The British farmer may grumble, as every Englishman at home always does. But do not take too much notice of it. The British farmer has shown enormous courage, enormous resource and enormous adaptability. Like all of us, he has some things yet to learn. I hope and believe he may learn from you something of what can be done in the nature of co-operation. I hardly dare say what I believe with regard to Canada, lest you should regard it as an impertinence. Let me say only this. I firmly believe that so far as the farmers at home are concerned, their prosperity can never come through allying themselves with politics; their way to prosperity lies in confining themselves to the improvement of their own methods.

We in England are busy to-day in an endeavour, which is perhaps only in its initial stage, and in which you too are beginning to progress, and that is the utilisation of science in agriculture. You have already, by experiment, succeeded in raising an earlier wheat. We have succeeded in raising a wheat with a fuller ear. These achievements are only the beginning. Research is going on, too, throughout the Empire with regard to the fighting of parasites and the various diseases that infect both crops and stock; and I rejoice to think that there is going to be held in London, soon after I get home, a conference of agricultural research workers in which you will be represented. I am quite sure that by the pooling of our knowledge,

by each seeing what the other is doing in the way of research and investigation—here, at home, in South Africa, in Australia—we shall succeed in adding considerably to the production both of stock and of crops, and in minimizing loss, and perhaps, under favourable circumstances, we may increase the receipts of those who farm in each of the countries in the Empire, to the permanent advantage of all of us. I think that a scientific link of that nature is one of very great importance in the Empire. Its material importance is perfectly obvious, but I think the importance of bringing together the brains of the Empire and enabling the leaders of thought in the different parts of the Empire to see and understand each other's problems and get the human touch amongst them will be of inestimable value to us in many ways.

Only one other word and I have done. There is one subject upon which it is impossible for any Englishman who comes to Regina to be silent. I think that to those of us who have watched the development of the Middle West and the Far West nothing is more remarkable, nothing pays a higher tribute to the finest qualities of our race, than the way in which law and order are maintained from coast to coast. No country could have been freer from the kind of trouble that so easily arises in new settlements than you have been here. I think you largely owe that, as well as to yourselves, to that magnificent force whose headquarters for so long

have been at Regina ; I mean your Mounted Police. I am told that the force originally was constituted of three hundred men, and they undertook to keep order in a territory certainly more than half the size of Europe, inhabited as it was then by Indian tribes and by scattered settlers, and open, as all new districts are, not only to those who want to make their homes and pursue their lawful occasions, but also to the men who go off to the wilder parts of the earth for reasons satisfactory to themselves. The task seemed impossible, and yet the Mounted Police accomplished it. I am told it is their proud boast that it is the hardest force to get into, and the easiest to get out of. It is all alike to them whether you give them a baby to carry or a million dollars of gold ingots to escort from end to end of Canada ; both will arrive safely.

The facts speak for themselves : you have security, order, law, throughout the whole of these vast territories, and the trust and confidence shown in these men by the settlers themselves are the greatest proof that they are as brave as they are incorruptible, and as chivalrous as they are efficient. Well have they earned the title " Royal," which at home we regard as the highest honour that can be given to a force. Long may they prosper !

It is but a glimpse that I have had of your country. A glimpse is all that I can hope to have so long as my present occupation lasts. I hope, however, that some day—dare I say it ?—before too long, I shall

be able to come back and stay for a longer time in this wonderful country, the most treasured and happy recollections of which I shall take with me back to England, and they will abide with me for the rest of my life.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WEST

Address delivered at Winnipeg
13th August 1927

At the time I was born—and I shall tell no one when that was—you had in this city, I believe, about a couple of thousand inhabitants, and during the intervening years you have multiplied the population a hundredfold. No part of the Dominion has changed more in those years than Manitoba. No part of the Dominion has gained more by Confederation. You are the natural link, and must continue to be the natural link, between the East and the West.

Now the British—we British, I think I can say—were not the first among modern European peoples to sail the seas, plant colonies, and found an empire. The Italians, the Portuguese and the Spaniards started before us. But we have a way, when we once enter into competition, of holding on. We held on, and we are where we are. There are kind critics of the British race who say that we know how to combine three things—religion, patriotism and profit—better than any other nation. There are other and more complimentary explanations of our success in North America. The real fact lies

in this : we transported our own stock into the new world. And we also invoked the services of a chartered company which, like the East India Company, grew from a mere trading-post into a dominion. We had also the inestimable advantage of being longer than any other country in Europe a free country, and our people pushed across the seas in their little boats to plant the seed of freedom which had grown and flourished at home. In those people and their spirit of adventure you have the origins of Canada and of Manitoba.

The sovereign of the North-west in the early days was the Hudson's Bay Company, and the history of the North-west for two centuries was the history of that company. And there is no more romantic episode in English history, or in the haphazard building of the Empire, than the story of the " Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." To look for the North-west passage while they made profits out of furs, to obtain a charter of sovereignty over the lands which contained all the waters flowing into that bay, and yet to leave those lands unexplored for many, many years—this is a typically British proceeding. They sought the western equivalents of " ivory and apes and peacocks," and they found an empire as a by-product. They created a great tradition, a tradition which is your own to-day, of discipline and endurance round a commercial ideal. They treated the Indians as a source of profit, yet they treated

them with justice and with kindliness. They kept one eye on dividends and another on exploration.

What race besides our own could be so casual, so far-sighted, so inconsistent and so successful? They have been all those things. They were the pathfinders; they were the trail-breakers. The names of their officers and of the officers of their rivals and ultimate partners, the North-west Company, remain to all time in the names of your great rivers, such as the Mackenzie, the Stewart, the Fraser and the Thompson; and the spirit of the company is recorded in the growth of law and order, in the planting of the germs of government, in the development of a transport system and of an intelligence department in a country more than half the size of Europe. And perhaps the greatest of all their achievements was the establishment of relations with the Indians of such friendliness and understanding that the wars which have occurred in less happy lands have been almost avoided, and the transfer of all that territory and its Indian interests to the new Canada in 1867 was made comparatively easy.

You have a great heritage, a heritage of forest, river, lake and fertile land, but what a heritage you have in the names and the history and the lives of your great pioneers! Those dauntless men have left a memory of courage and endurance, of discipline and patience worth more to you as a people than even your material heritage. What

boy or man or woman can read the tales of their adventures without a thrill of pride! Mackenzie paddles northward on the great river in spite of the mutiny of his Indians, until at last he sees the whales blowing in the icy seas of the north and knows that he is the first white man to reach the Arctic ocean from the land. Or Thompson, a schoolboy, dreaming in Charterhouse, who, when acting as accountant at Fort Garry, is suddenly told by the Governor to go and explore the Arctic regions, and finds the river of his own name. Fraser, with his curious temper and ambitious and honest heart, boring his way through the Rockies to the Fraser River. The intrepid Stewart, uncle of Lord Strathcona, and Lord Strathcona himself—pioneer, governor, statesman and philanthropist. The last of these lived to see some of his dreams come true. What would those pioneers have said had they been here to-night and seen this great city that has risen in what in their day was desert? The boundless fields of grain, the flocks and the herds, the great cities, the schools and the universities, the great industries, all have arisen where their old trail went through. A little more than a century ago it was traversed by Selkirk and his men. What other organisation than the Hudson's Bay Company could have better suited the time and place? And when it could no longer exclude the settler, it accepted him, not perhaps with very good will at first, but afterwards with open arms.

We make much to-day of the difficulties which face the settler. It is almost impossible for us to realise the difficulties that met the first settlers. When Lord Selkirk set out, a friend who heard of his project said to him, " Sir, if you are bent on doing something futile, why do you not sow tares at home in order to reap wheat, or plough the desert of Sahara, which is so much nearer ? " To-day we can smile at that in the knowledge that the greatest wheat market of the world is almost on the site of Lord Selkirk's settlement.

Then what did Governor Macdonell say of the immigrants ? It is not unlike what I have heard old men to-day say of immigrants coming into a new country. Governor Macdonell said, " These rascals from Glasgow have caused us much trouble and uneasiness. A more stubborn, litigious, cross-grained set were never put under any person's care." Of the men from Orkney he said, " They are lazy, spiritless and ill-disposed. It is not uncommon for an Orkney man to consume six or eight pounds of meat in a day." And of the Irishmen, I regret to say, that Governor said, " Worthless blackguards ; they will never do for us."

Now, those were the men who built up the Empire. The mixture of races, with your invigorating climate, has bred the competition and the rivalry amongst them without which the exploration of the North-west would have proceeded much more slowly. Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen

strove to push the outposts farther and farther north and west. It is true that two Frenchmen were the originators of the Hudson's Bay Company. Englishmen brought it into being ; Scotsmen arose as competitors ; the Irish came in and mixed with both English and Scots. At one time they recruited largely from the Highlands and the Isles. I venture to think there is no finer stock in this world. It was, in fact, as a company, a fusion of races, and in that very fusion the creator and parent of Canada as we know it to-day. It welded links between the old country and the new, between the men of the plains here and the crofters over yonder, between the dark and silent spruce forests of Canada and the immemorial elms of England.

And you are fortunate above most other new countries in the romance of your development and in absorbing something of the folklore of the original inhabitants. The very name of Manitoba—God's Prairie—reminds one of the wandering tribes that emerged from the forests of the East to the open and sunlit gateway of the West. And who was the Great White Slave who gave his name to the lake ? Who was the unknown caller whose lonely voice gave the name to the valley of Qu'Appelle ? Who were the strong men who named Fort Resolution, Fort Enterprise, Fort Reliance and Fort Confidence ? And who was so hungry at Hungry Hall ?

No matter to what great heights of material prosperity you may rise in the future, always in the

background are the legends of the Great Spirit, the folklore of the Indians and the *coureurs des bois*, the Riel Rebellion, and the early years of that magnificent force, the North-west Mounted Police.

And then there came a railway system which made possible, and alone made possible, the gigantic development of the West. I doubt if historians have done full justice to the makers of railways as the makers of nations. Lord Milner, in referring to South Africa, called the railway by far the most potent of modern inventions in transforming the life of mankind—potent in revolutionising everywhere, but most of all in thinly peopled and newly settled countries. Canada has been blessed above all lands in navigable waterways. The waterways are her arteries and the railways are her spinal cord. It was on the pledge of railways that the Atlantic and the Pacific were joined together in Confederation, and by railways alone the great spaces of Canada have become homes of men and the granaries of the world. Parliaments and politicians have their place in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Canadian Confederation, but let us never forget the creative work of the great engineers and the great men of action—William Stephen, Donald Smith, William Van Horne. Who can picture the struggles they passed through in trying to bridge those countless miles of rock and swamp in the East and the forbidding mountains in the West, to link up the rest of Canada with the forests and

fisheries and the fertile orchards of the Pacific slope ?

Construction is the finest flower of our British genius, and its chief contribution to the betterment of this world. We do not destroy : we build. As the late Master of Balliol College at Oxford said, " Our people are pacific, but they are not pacifists ; they are anti-militarist, but they are not unmilitary." The Pax Britannica means constructive energy working freely within the realm of law and order. And if there be any here who doubt the future, let them remember the difficulties that have been overcome by those who went before them.

With the railway came the settler ; with the settler came the wheat, and with the wheat and all that that word implies came the great city of Winnipeg, the third greatest city to-day in the Confederation. In the war wheat was the most important of war munitions, the first essential ; and in peace it remains the first essential to all the peoples of the earth. And Winnipeg, though built on the alluvium of the Red River, is founded upon a rock, and that rock is the world demand for wheat.

One word or two about my own country. No country in the world has stood up to such difficulties as Great Britain has in the last ten years. No country in the world that suffered as Great Britain did could have faced her difficulties with the same courage and with the same resolution. I want you to try to realise two or three things about Great

Britain. In the war, out of our population six millions served in the army and three millions were making munitions. When the war ceased credit was shattered in half the countries of the world. Great Britain, an industrial country, had lived for two or three generations by exchanging her manufactures for food and raw materials. The devastated areas of Great Britain lie in every broken market in every corner of the world. The shattering of credit, that too was her devastated area. Those were the causes of her unemployment.

Her unemployment has been exaggerated by her enemies, though we who have to deal with it know how grave a problem it is. Ten per cent. of our industrial population is about the figure which we have to take into reckoning. As it became obvious that it would be years before the credits of the world were restored or the old markets of our country were able to get once more their purchasing power, we had to take steps that no other country had to take, to see that the suffering amongst our unemployed was reduced to a minimum. It was for that reason that in our country, as soon as the war finished, we devised that scheme of insurance for our workpeople which has been so misrepresented abroad. Every wage-earner employed in Great Britain insures and pays so much every week, the employer pays so much every week, and the State pays a small sum every week. About thirty-four or thirty-five million pounds sterling a year

comes from the pockets of the working-men and their employers, and ten or eleven millions sterling from the pockets of the State, making a total between forty and fifty millions. That is an insurance fund out of which, when a man is unemployed, he is entitled to draw a modest sum week by week during the term of his unemployment.

That system has been strained to the uttermost by the many troubles we have had to face, industrial and other, and we have had to increase the borrowing power of our insurance fund to meet the strain; but we shall pay off all that overdraft that we have borrowed, and we shall come through, and we are coming through, slowly, but steadily and surely. Remember this—and it is difficult to realise in an agricultural country like Canada—one of our greatest difficulties arises from the fact that the whole of our wage system was thrown into the melting-pot in the years of the war. It had grown up over two or three generations, and the rates of wages were adjusted amongst various industries very much according to their capacity to pay, regard being had to the trade they did. When the war stopped some of our largest, oldest, most stable industries suffered most from unemployment. Unskilled labour in the country found itself in a far better position than it had been in before the war, and practically most of the wage rates in the country had to be rearranged and resettled in a time of acute industrial depression.

Can you wonder that we had trouble? People who tell you that in England we are going to have a revolution, or that our people are bad-tempered or afraid, are telling you a lie. There is not a word of truth in it. The working-men of Great Britain have faced these difficulties, on the whole, with enormous courage and with enormous self-restraint, and if things have boiled over in one or two places once or twice it is not to be wondered at. I say here to-night, without fear of contradiction, that their self-restraint and their courage, taking them all together, are an example to the whole world.

I wanted to tell you that because you very often hear and you sometimes read in newspapers not friendly to the British race that there are signs of decadence in Great Britain. Don't you believe a word of it. The people at home are the same people who fought shoulder to shoulder with you for four years all over the world. They are the same stock which created the Maritime Provinces and Ontario. They are the same stock that built up this country. The stock is the same as it ever was, and it is as fine as it ever was.

What we feel at home, and what I think must be more difficult for you to realise than it is for us, is that mainly on us people speaking the English tongue, on the people of British stock, rests the greatest hope that the world has of peace and continued peace. It has a vital and essential interest for the world, and for no part of the world

more vital than for the British Empire. All we want to do is to develop ourselves and our countries in peace. That will be our great contribution to the world. Let us all go forward, you in Canada and we at home—let us go forward in the spirit of those who preceded us and who built up this great country. Let us have confidence in ourselves, let us have faith in our Creator, and may it be that after we have gone our children and our children's children may look back on us with the same spirit of admiration and reverence as that with which we look back on those who preceded us ; and may we so live and so conduct ourselves in this world that in their time they may look upon us as having set them an example of which they will not be ashamed, and which they will be proud to follow.

BONAR LAW

Address delivered at St. John, New Brunswick
16th August 1927

SHORT as my time has been in Canada, it has always been a desire of my heart to visit the Maritime Provinces, and I was up early this morning to look at your beautiful country. I draw no comparisons in this wonderful land of Canada, but after the terrible magnificence of the mountains, and that boundless expanse of prairie, so difficult to take in in so fleeting a visit, I felt this morning that I was back in some little bit of the homeland which had been broken off, wafted across the Atlantic and hitched on to the American continent.

New Brunswick particularly appeals to me because it was the birthplace and the early home of a man with whom I served for many years, whom I revered and whom I loved—Andrew Bonar Law. From December 1916, until his illness removed him for eighteen months from public life in the spring of 1921, I worked with him in one capacity and another, day by day, month by month and year by year. We worked together again in the autumn of 1922 most intimately, most closely, until his final retirement in May 1923. And after that time, when

I first became Prime Minister, I saw him at frequent intervals until within a week of his death, toward the end of October of that year. I will only say this of him here: the great part which he played from the time that he joined the Government in the early stages of the war until his retirement will be realised by the general public only when the history of that time comes to be written, but I am certain that the judgment of posterity will be that he played a part unselfish, of the highest importance, which in the circumstances no one but he could have played, and I think that his figure will emerge amongst the statesmen of that period as one of the greatest figures of the time.

Another reason why I am peculiarly glad to visit you is that I know you have been going through a difficult time in recent years. So have we. It is a great bond between us. And I have no doubt that your character, your courage, your breed, will carry you through these times, just as at home our character, our courage and our breed are carrying us through.

I wish I could have seen more of your country; I do not mean by travelling through it by train, but by getting into it and seeing something of the people. That, alas, is impossible! I saw recently some observations made in an article by your Premier, Mr. Baxter, in which he said, "Our chief occupation must be agriculture, and our chief need is men to engage intelligently in the industry.

Nearer to the Mother Country than any other part of Canada, the Maritimes look for British settlement and the retention of those ideals of empire and self-government which brought this part of the country into being." We in Great Britain have never forgotten, what I have no doubt was in Mr. Baxter's mind, that it was the settlement of the United Empire Loyalists which made New Brunswick into a province. Not only on grounds of history, but of sentiment and of association, I can assure you that the people of the Maritime Provinces lie very near to our hearts in Great Britain.

We have many affinities with you. Our country, like yours, is a comparatively small one. Greatness is not, and never has been, a matter of dimension. We may look at and admire our neighbours and we may visit them, but we know quite well that we have compensations, we have advantages with which they may not compete. You, as we in Great Britain, are a maritime people. You live within reach and scent of the sea, and you possess, as we do, that gift which has stood us so well in history, which is called the sea sense.

It is not riches that make a country: it is the quality of the men and women in it, and the contribution which those men and women can make to the life of the whole. You are proud of your people. You are proud of your history. And we, in common with you, have faith in the future, and

measure its rich possibilities by the rich memories we have and by the inspiring story of our past.

But with our individual and local loyalties we combine a larger loyalty, you to the rest of Canada, we to Canada as a whole, and both of us to the Empire. The strength of our Empire lies in the manifold diversities which go to make up its unity. Each part supplements, it does not supplant, the others.

I make bold to say that the contribution which you in the Maritime Provinces have given in the past and will give in the future to the greatness of Canada and the greatness of the Empire is one which can be given by none other than yourselves. Canada will be enriched, and the Empire will be enriched, by your growth and your progress. But let that growth and progress always be on your own lines, maintaining the character and the traditions by which you have been so well known in the world for centuries past.

GODSPEED !

Speech delivered at North Sydney
18th August 1927

STANDING here almost within sight of the steel and coal industries, with both of which I have been closely associated—not always happily—for a good many years past, I wish you all prosperity. And, on the point of leaving Canada, I want to express my thanks to all those who have helped to make my trip such a happy one. First the Governments, federal, provincial, municipal. I know what a lot of trouble we have caused. I am grateful to everyone, but particularly, if I may single out two more than others, the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, and Colonel Ralston.

This day last week we were in British Columbia. In six days I have visited nine provinces and have addressed large meetings at Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Saint John, Moncton, Charlottetown and Halifax: a marvellous tribute to the organising capacity of the Canadian Government—and, may I add, a still more remarkable tribute to the physical strength of the British Prime Minister.

And I want to thank that wonderful corporation, the C.P.R., from Mr. Beatty right down through

all grades. I have never felt more at home than in that train. I wish I could take it back to England with me; but I cannot, so I have asked them to let my car stand by till I come back again.

I have seen all I could of Cape Breton. I got up at half-past six this morning and I watched all your beautiful country. Coming along, I saw by the side of the railroad a flower that we have at home: you call it, as we call it, Goldenrod; but we have another name for it, which I do not think you use: we call it also Farewell Summer. The summer is now drawing to a close. It is farewell summer, and, for a short time, farewell Canada. But as the summer draws to a close the buds on the trees are wrapping themselves up, taking all their precautions against the winter, that they may once more blossom forth with renewed strength in the spring. And so, as I go back to England, leaving one home, as I feel, for another, I take with me, I hope, to bear fruit in due time, a new hope and a new vision from this great country of yours. I hope that all I have seen and all I have learned I may be able to employ in the future for the benefit of my own country, of you, and of the whole Empire.

I wish you all Godspeed!

SCOTLAND AND THE EMPIRE

Extract from a Speech delivered at
Douglas Castle, Lanarkshire
27th August 1927

THERE is no spot to which I would rather come straight from Canada than into the heart of Scotland, which has played so great a part in the making of that great country. I dare say many people have said, " What does the Prime Minister want going over to Canada ? why does he not stay at home and look after his own business ? " I will tell you why I went to Canada. I was invited by the Government of that country to go over to help in the celebration of their diamond jubilee of federation. I accepted with pride that I might go and represent in my own person the feelings of my fellow-countrymen towards Canada. I went for another reason. There has been much evil propaganda throughout the world of recent years, especially in the new countries, telling people that Great Britain is a decadent country, that we have forgotten here how to work, that we have lost heart, that we have lost hope, and trying to imply to those great new countries that association with our islands here is not one that can be of help

to them, and that it is tying themselves to a corpse.

I was able to tell the people of Canada that this country, far from being decadent, is the same country that it was ten years ago when we stood shoulder to shoulder with the Canadians in the Great War, and that our spirit is undimmed, our courage unquenched, that of all the countries in the world none has had greater difficulties to face, that we, primarily a manufacturing country, have seen the whole system of world credit and exchange broken by the war, our markets desolate, our people thrown out of work in consequence, and the whole of our wage system, built up over two and three generations, shattered and having to be reconstructed in a new world.

Few people could face such a catalogue of difficulties and troubles as our people have faced them. Mistakes we have made, mistakes we shall make, but, taking our people as a whole, I am proud of the courage, of the patience, with which our people, our working people, have stuck grimly to this almost impossible task through those years and are slowly but surely winning through. That I told the people of Canada, and it was received from ocean to ocean with applause which would have rejoiced your hearts.

It was my privilege to travel with Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince George. We travelled to Quebec, we travelled from Quebec

to Alberta, and I left the Prince at home in Alberta. The reception given to him was a striking testimony to his personality and to his popularity, and an inspiring tribute of loyalty and allegiance to our common Crown. For myself I travelled altogether some eleven thousand miles in thirty-two days—between three hundred and four hundred miles a day—and I am sorry to say I made about twenty-six speeches. That we should be able to travel so far, so comfortably, and with such security is indeed a tribute to the organisation of our Canadian hosts. To them I express my gratitude.

I set foot in every one of the nine provinces of Canada, and, to give you an idea of the size of these provinces, it took me thirty-six hours in a special train travelling fast to cross through one of them alone, and that was Ontario. I regret there was no time to visit the Pacific coast. I set foot in British Columbia and that is all, but, much as I would like to have gone to Vancouver, I remembered that I was due to-day at Douglas Castle, and I would allow nothing to interfere with that.

I am going to be very careful in giving you one or two impressions. There is a famous Canadian author and humorist who has been very severe in his observations on people who go out for a few days, rush about in a train, go home and air their views in public. And yet I must say something

I told you I wanted to give the Canadian people some impression of the spirit of our country. I

wanted also to learn something of their spirit. Now the first thing that strikes one, partly from a study of history and partly from experience, is the marvellous romance of the history of Eastern Canada. You have the British and the French. They conducted a secular war, as their peoples had done in Europe, a war first of all of arms and then of politics. You find them to-day not only reconciled but indissolubly bound into one nation, one nation which in its civilisation combines the best elements that can be offered by the civilisations of France and Great Britain. Go across the prairies and the Rocky Mountains with their story of exploration, of daring and of the conquest of nature, you have there a story which reads like a legend and a romance. And yet it is a great fact, an inspiration to Canada and no less an inspiration to us at home. Again, what strikes one is not so much the immensity of the country and the variety of development possible, but the results that have already been obtained by a population comparatively so small—even now under ten millions—covering over three million five hundred thousands of square miles.

And nothing strikes one more in that country than the part that has been played by your country, by Scotland, in the development of Canada. I do not know whether Scotsmen have a good conceit of themselves at home. They may legitimately have it in Canada.

There was an Englishman once, of whom I am a great admirer, Dr. Johnson, who did not love Scotsmen, but he did say once that much may be done with a Scotsman if he be caught young. I would venture to say that much may be made of a country if it can catch Scotsmen young. I found there in one province that I went to almost as many Macdonalds as there are in the Isles. That warmed my heart—for obvious reasons. Mackenzies, Stewarts and Frasers, their names are written in large letters throughout the Western provinces. Of the men who carried through that great adventure, the Canadian Pacific Railway, no names are greater than those of two Scotsmen, Donald Smith from Aberdeen, and Lord Mount Stephen, who were both Scotsmen born. Lord Strathcona, as Donald Smith became, used to tell in his old age how years and years ago he bought a farm near Winnipeg. What for? To prove that wheat could be grown in the north-west of the American Continent, and to-day that district where he made that experiment is the granary of the world.

One more impression—the faith that all Canadians have in the future of their country and their buoyant optimism. Canada has one great advantage over us. She benefits by our experience, and she is without many of the troubles which beset us. She has not that number of inherited difficulties which every old country must have. She has been able to start afresh. We cannot do it in the same way.

But there is one thing that she does want to take from us. She does want our people who may think there is more scope for them and their children to go to her and help her to build up her country.

Now I want to tell you this : at every station I stopped at all across Canada I got out on the platform and I talked to the people who had come to meet the train. I must have talked to hundreds in that time, and I talked particularly to those who had come out from home. I met many Scots people, I met many from my own county in England, I met them from all over the country, and to everyone I put two questions : Are you happy ? Are you doing well ? In every single case the answer was " Yes." There were a few who still felt themselves a little homesick, but they said they would not have it otherwise because of the opportunities it afforded for their children whom they had brought up. I don't say there are no grousers there, but they kept out of my way. I wish they would at home. I do feel this, that of the men of whom we hear too much, the men who go out and fail, in ninety-five per cent. of cases it is their own fault ; and I have no doubt myself that a man can succeed in the country there even if he has not been brought up in the country at home. A little training will go a long way, because, after all, that love of the land and of working on the land is inborn in our people. It is for only a generation or two that we have been industrialised,

and in going back to that kind of work we are going back to the work that the parents of ninety-nine per cent. of us pursued for generations and generations.

The opportunities in Canada for practical advancement, the spirit of her people, the scope for development—these were of the deepest interest to me. But what of the deeper things of national life—their standards of public life, of justice, of education, and, to what I attach no little importance, their standards of sport? I speak with diffidence —perhaps I had better say nothing—and yet I cannot help testifying to what I feel that, with my limited opportunities of judging, I found in Canada high aims and real achievement. I believe they have the same desire that we have, that their moral weights and measures—Parliamentary, judicial, educational, civic—shall be true to the highest standards; and in this respect they are an example to the world of democracy, and are rendering invaluable service not only to Canada herself but to all of us.

And I spoke to you of the impression made by the Prince of Wales. That enthusiasm was only one of many signs that while Canada has developed and looks to develop her own nationhood, she looks to develop it within that wider unity of nations which forms the British Empire. Nothing can be more moving than to see, in Canada, the consciousness of participation in the heritage of common ideals

and common aspirations which she shares with ourselves and all the parts of the world which owe allegiance to our King. I have told you, very briefly, of two or three impressions which I have formed in that great civilised community which has been going on for two centuries in Canada, and of the rapid development in the last generation.

Canada is a land of good wages and unlimited possibilities, built up primarily by British capital—by private enterprise, British brains, British skill.

British capital opened up the country, built its railway, ploughed and sowed its land, reaped its corn, built its granaries, and helped to bring the cheap loaf to our breakfast table. And how has this been accomplished and what is the secret? The secret is British character—and that, being interpreted, means the will to work and the will to confront difficulties, the will to confront hardships and to surmount them in a spirit of self-reliance.

Out of this land of Scotland tens of thousands of men have gone, taking with them the rich traditions of your race, habits of industry, honesty, piety and thrift, and respect for the law, so that perhaps the Scots, more than any other single race, have stamped their character upon the institutions of that country. They have found themselves oftentimes in great solitudes, but they stuck it and they carried on with the job. They tamed the wilderness; they learned to co-operate one with the other, and to work in peace under the protection of

the Crown. The fortunes of a nation are determined above everything by the quality of its people. Parliament and Constitution—they can provide safety and security, they can provide educational facilities. None but the people themselves can build up the fabric of social and industrial life.

If the people of a nation are paupers in spirit they will build nothing but a poor house filled with a grumbling population. If they are upstanding men they will produce a self-respecting and a prosperous community. That is what I found in Canada.

IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

Speech delivered at the
Canada Club Dinner in London on
21st November 1927

YOUR Royal Highness, I should like to begin my remarks by saying to you, in reply to what you were good enough to say about me, that I do not yet know whether it was a greater honour or a greater pleasure to have travelled with you across Canada. I will say this, that no party that set out from these shores and travelled together for so long was a happier party or separated with more regret.

I am to have the opportunity of saying a few words to the Canada Club about that wonderful visit which we paid in August—a visit consisting, as time goes, of some nineteen days ; so far as impressions go—impressions that will last for life —a visit of years.

We left this country, most of us, rather tired men, with a year's hard work behind us, wearying perhaps of that spirit in Europe which has been so prevalent since the war—that spirit of hopelessness and grumbling instilled into our ears by young and old of all nations on this old continent. And we sped out westward, and the days rested us, until

after some four or five days we came across those guardian sentinels of that great continent. The icebergs streamed down south and the fogs blew up off Newfoundland. And we passed through the ice, and we passed through the fog, and we came into that great river—the most noble highway that enters into any continent in the whole world, and suddenly there lay before us the citadel of Quebec.

It was fitting that the first place where our feet rested should be that ancient city, in that ancient Province—a Province that was founded by those Frenchmen who were the first to bring the civilisation of Europe into that part of the American continent—a country where the names of Champlain and Frontenac still linger. We saw the spot where ended the secular conflict of centuries between those two great races which together had formed the civilisation of Western Europe—and whatever whispers and rumours of those old struggles may have lingered after all those years, we who sit at these tables to-night have seen them buried for ever in that long common grave that stretches from Dunkirk to the Vosges. My first memory is of the evening at Quebec, dining at the Lieutenant-Governor's house, where representatives of all that is best in the life and thought of Quebec were present. The sons of ancient seignories came there to do honour to our Prince of Wales, and there I saw and felt for myself that poise and exquisite breeding of the Old World three thousand miles

across the sea. Quebec left on us indelible memories, as it must on the minds of any Englishman with one spark of imagination.

We left there early next morning to travel up the river to Montreal, and there I had two pictures. I see one as that first evening was coming on—meadows as they might be at home, dotted with black-and-white Frisian cattle, and beyond them the Indian fireweed, scarlet and purple, banked up against the dark green of the firs, and above that the clear sky, reflected in the river. On our way we passed the mill where Madeleine de Vercheres had kept the Indians at bay for a fortnight, as a French girl of her blood and breeding would do. Her memory is as fresh to-day in the annals of her people as it was in the first generation after she died.

In Montreal, where we arrived after dark, we found the whole city illuminated. In the morning I went to Mount Royal, where I had stood thirty-seven years before, and I saw again that great city, compounded of both our nations, stretching long arms up the river in miles of docks that had no existence when I last saw it; and I thought to myself, as I thought when a young man, that never had mankind found a more beautiful spot on which to build a great city, nor was there ever a spot where all nature seems to combine to ensure the prosperity of that city in the present, and a greater prosperity still in years to come.

From there it was but a moment to Ottawa, and

from Ottawa I take away the memory of a solemn half-hour in the remembrance chapel in the tower of the Parliament Buildings, the laying of a wreath on the grave of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a happy afternoon in the Laurentian Hills with the Prime Minister of Canada, by the side of a lake in the woods, and the warm hospitality of Rideau Hall and the Governor-General and his lady.

Then we passed swiftly on to Brockville, and thence to the river and then to Kingston, with more illuminations, and I had the honour of laying a wreath on the grave of Sir John Macdonald. Then to the first great city of British origin, Toronto; and at Toronto I had the great pleasure of meeting the English Premier, Mr. Ferguson, and discussing with him more subjects than I could retail to-night, and with greater freedom than I should put in any interview.

At Toronto we entrained for the West. And then came a succession of pictures—thirty-six hours through Ontario, through and past territory which man has hardly scratched, until we got out into Manitoba, into Saskatchewan and into Alberta. Nothing on that long journey touched me more than seeing the new homes springing up, always recognisable by their smallness, their incompleteness, and the inevitable patch of potatoes—the potatoes for early sustenance and for cleaning the ground, but they made me happy, because they reminded me of home.

And so to Banff, and I admit we were looking forward to Banff, not so much because it was Banff, but because we were told that we might rest there for one day. My rest began early in the morning by exchanging the title of Prime Minister of Great Britain for that of Sitting Eagle of the Stoney Indians. Then I was packed into a motor-car and driven one hundred and twenty miles to Lake Louise, to Emerald Lake and down the Kicking Horse Pass to Field, that it might be said that I had set foot in British Columbia. At Field there was a crowd on the platform, and who was there on the platform but a man who advanced to me and said, " Sir, would you say a few words ? "

The " day of rest " finished, we started back for home. At Calgary I had the pleasure of meeting His Royal Highness again. We both spoke to a wonderful audience, and I think we were inspired by the knowledge that our words were being broadcast to the Arctic Circle, which never happened to me before. I drove through the city, and was enormously struck with the beauty and the lay-out of all the streets, running out into the country—what we should call at home down-lands bounding the landscape at the end of every street looking west, and instead of forecourts and paved yards there was in front of every house a beautiful garden, full of flowers. And they were most beautiful homes, even down streets where the houses were

small and where the tenants must have been what at home we should call working-class.

On we went, and arrived in the morning at Regina. That I shall always remember because it was the hottest morning we had. And we had " a few words " there. Perhaps there stands out most in my memory the old North-west Mounted Police, to whom I was able to pay a tribute in which every Englishman will be glad to join.

Late that evening we came to Winnipeg. At Winnipeg we went to the Parliament Buildings. They were packed with people, and outside was a vast crowd, and I shall never forget, as I addressed them from a point high up on these buildings, the sight of that crowd, with their faces upturned and the light shining down on them. They sang, " O Canada " and " God Save the King," and I said " a few words." That was the second day. From Winnipeg we went on east, and I carried away with me from there the memory of sitting in the observation car at the tail of our train and watching the great plains and the railway line running away in distant perspective into a single line that seemed to go out of sight. I watched that a couple of hours one evening and a couple of hours the next. At every railway station going out and coming home we got down and talked to everyone who talked to us ; and we talked to every one of the veterans of the Great War at all these places.

From Winnipeg we went on to St. John, New

Brunswick. That was the third or the fourth day. Now I was very anxious to visit the Maritime Provinces, and I was very anxious because, while Canada, more perhaps than any other Dominion, has a wealth of history and romance behind her, there is nowhere more of these two things to be found in Canada, even in Quebec in some ways, than in the Maritime Provinces. I felt, too, that they had been going through a rough time, and I hoped that my presence there might be some slight help or encouragement to those who lived there. They struck me in my cursory visit as countries not so far removed in appearance from our own Scotland—the woods, the hills, the rivers, the lakes and the population. And I remembered how it was the home of ancient loyalty, and how, after the trouble farther south in 1775, those who would not separate from the British connection, at the sacrifice of all that they had, moved up into what was then Nova Scotia.

From St. John we went to Moncton, and I felt I was near Rexton, where Bonar Law had come from ; but it was impossible for me to go there, much to my regret. In Moncton there happened the most romantic incident I ever met in my life. There was by chance being held there the quinquennial convention of the Acadians. They came together from all parts of the American continent, and some of them—French-speaking—came from as far south as Louisiana. And there, one hundred

and seventy-two years after the Acadians were turned out of Canada from their homes, an English Prime Minister addressed their descendants and was greeted by them as if he had been their brother. The memory of that crowd of Acadians, thronged together in that little street, will never fade from my mind.

We pushed on, and the evening fell; and we crossed the water to Prince Edward Island, and then I felt I was going home, for all the stones were red, even as our rocks in Worcestershire; I found a red soil such as I have at home, and I found people who grew the best potatoes in Canada—or said they did. Charlottetown touched me nearly; but it was only one night there. A cruiser was waiting to take us to Pictou, and we headed across the water and got down to Halifax by middle day. There I stood on the citadel, where the British flag has flown for nearly one hundred and eighty years, and where it flew through all the sternest times of the eighteenth century on that continent—a virgin fortress, true from the beginning to the end. I left Halifax feeling almost more than anywhere that I was leaving a piece of the Homeland. But we had to get on. We travelled by night, and in the early morning we were running along past that beautiful lake, the Bras d'Or. We got to North Sydney about noon, and there a large crowd assembled to meet us on the wharf. The Mayor of Sydney came from Preston, which I happened

to remember always styled itself Proud Preston. The last glimpse I had while we were waiting on the tender was of that great crowd on the wharf singing " O Canada " and " Auld Lang Syne."

Although we had only been nineteen days in Canada, and although those days covered that tremendous journey with all those speeches from Calgary to the coast, we felt a plucking at the heart-strings in parting from the friends we had made. One feeling very predominant with every one of us was that we hoped it would be but a short time before we should go back.

That was our tour, and I want to supplement what the Prince of Wales said—that it is almost impossible to express our gratitude to those who made this tour possible and who did so much for our happiness and our comfort. It is impossible to mention the names of all to whom we owe a debt, but there are two or three that stand out pre-eminently, and that I cannot refrain from mentioning. First of all, the Prime Minister of Canada, whom I single out as the head of the Government that invited us to make the tour. I want to thank him for his personal kindness and the whole of the Canadian Government collectively for their kindness. And in that Government one name again stands out pre-eminently—that of Colonel Ralston, the Minister of Defence. He it was who was mainly responsible for the organisation of the tour. He is a born organiser, and if he should

ever be cast out from the Government, as happens to all of us at times, I should feel no anxiety as to Colonel Ralston's future, for I am sure there is not a travel agency or company in the world that would not be proud to have him as managing director. Then no list would be complete without Mr. Beatty—Mr. Beatty and the whole of his wonderful service. For what they performed for us we owe them, too, a great debt of gratitude. And if I put them last it is not because in any way they are least; and I do not think we ought to omit the names of Lord and Lady Willingdon for the encouragement they gave us to come to Canada, and for their great personal kindness to us while we were there.

I went to Canada with one principal object, and one only. I did want a Prime Minister in his term of office to go to Canada, it is true, but I wanted to attempt to interpret this country to the Canadians, because I felt that it had not been done properly. To that I devoted the whole of my endeavours, and if I have been but partially successful in what I attempted to do, I shall have been more than repaid for any trouble it took me to do it. As a corollary to that I wished to interpret Canada to England. At the Canada Club you will not expect me to say much on that subject. There are two or three words, however, I feel bound to say. The Prince of Wales has given you some impressions: I would give you two or three more.

I had been there before, when I was twenty-three, but Canada has changed, and I have changed, and I will give you my impressions to-day.

There was not one single spot where I stayed in Canada, east, west, or in the middle, where I did not in one moment feel absolutely at home, and where I could not have settled down that night for the rest of my life with perfect happiness and contentment. I say that in order to try to tell my fellow-countrymen what sort of environment they may expect if they go to live in Canada.

Then I found that Canada cherishes what I regard not only as the best of our ideals, but those which are absolutely necessary to be cherished if a democracy is to survive and is not to become anarchy and chaos. I found in all classes in Canada that same respect for law and order that we have at home. I think few things will be more remarkable to trace in Canadian history than the way in which, from the first, in the settlement of the West, the law and order of our people have prevailed. Then I found there a sense of what is meant by an incorruptible judiciary and an incorruptible police. I found it understood and I found it acted upon. These are our ideals ; they are Canadian ideals ; and we both know that where either of these two services is tainted, you can build up no civilisation in that country. One more thing, I found in Canada that she is maintaining the standards and the values of education—

no small thing in a democracy. There is a temptation to reduce them, to make them easy. In Canada the work in the universities in the East is as good as the work in the best universities of Europe. And not there alone. I spoke to the principal of a Western university, and asked him anxiously, " Are you keeping up the standards in the West as they exist in the East ? " and he said, " We are." Now these are all good things. They are the very essence of real and true and living democracy, and if these things fail no foundation can be built up.

As Lord Strathcona has said, indeed we brought back refreshment. I cannot tell you what it is to go out from Europe into a country that not only has no hereditary problems hanging like millstones round its neck, but where everyone is full of hope and where I met no " grousers." They may have kept out of my way. I do not know that such a spirit of hope is necessarily to be found only in a new country, because although it is true we are an old country, yet a country is no older than its men, and there is no reason why our men at home should be old men. I trust and believe that this " grousing " —largely the result of the strain through which this country went from 1914 to 1918—may, before the rising generation is in the saddle, be exorcised for ever, and that we may find at home that same spirit that we found in Canada.

I have only one more thing to say. Canada has

an enormous future before her ; but, if it be no impertinence on my part to say one word to Canadians, I would say : The future is with you ; do not be in too much of a hurry. Your country is a country for men from the North, the hardy virile races. Quality before quantity any day. Build up with the best. What does it matter if it is a hundred years, or two hundred years, or more, before your country is full ? Keep the stock you have, and the men and women you have, and see that the coming generations are in no way inferior to them. I have often thought that it is as dangerous a thing to the morals of a nation to get rich too quickly as it is to an individual. Time is on your side. Maintain the values. Maintain the standards. And may the prayer of Canada always be the prayer of the Greek sailor which has been preserved for us by Seneca : " O God, You may save me if You will ; You may sink me if You will ; but, whatever happens, I will always keep my rudder true."

PART III

THE CITIZEN AND THE STATE

SOCIAL SERVICE

Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Union of Girls' Schools
27th October 1927

ONCE upon a time there was a Prime Minister, and he received a letter on a warm summer day from a lady who was the daughter of his friend and, incidentally, the friend of his daughter. So he summoned her to him and said, "What can I do for you?" And she replied, "There is going to be a large gathering of girls' schools in London in the autumn. I want you to look in and bless them." And the Prime Minister asked, "How long do you expect me to take in blessing them?" And she answered, "Five minutes." And he said, "So be it." And he thought no more about it until two days before the meeting was due, when one of his secretaries came to him and said, "Sir, are you aware that the day after to-morrow you have to address a thousand ladies at the length of thirty-five minutes?" And the Prime Minister said, "No; that cannot be so, for I arranged with the daughter of my friend and the friend of my daughter that I should only speak for five minutes." Then he said, "Summon her to my presence." And

when she came he said, " What is this you have done? Surely we agreed to five minutes, and now it is thirty-five." And she answered, " It cannot be so, because we did agree for five minutes. They promised me." And the Prime Minister said, " Do you believe in these promises? It is an easy matter for a Prime Minister to talk nonsense for thirty-five minutes, but if the Prime Minister does that he will go home from the meeting and spend the rest of the week chasing his own tail, which he will never catch." She left him. And this is the end of my story. It may well be that amongst you on these benches, here and there, sits one who is destined some day to be the wife of a Prime Minister; and it may well be that in years to come the Prime Minister will say to you, " My dear, I have had a letter asking me to meet a thousand ladies and give them my blessing in five minutes. What shall I do?" And you will reply, " Say No, No, No. I am amazed that you have attained your present position without having learnt to say No." It is, however, equally true that unless some of you can say " Yes," your chances of being the wife of a Prime Minister will be slight!

Now it so happens that in this week I have been asked to say a few words both on Tuesday and on Thursday. On Tuesday, in the evening, I went to the Working Men's College in Camden Town and spoke to the adult students there. I do not suppose you know much about them. The Work-

ing Men's College is typical of such work as is done by the Evening Institutes of the London County Council, by the Educational Settlements, and by the Adult Schools, conducted, I am glad to think, all over the country. They represent a class of student whose education ceased, probably, at fourteen years of age, if not earlier. These men come to study in the evenings after, often, a long day's work is done ; not, generally speaking, from a desire for self-advancement or for the improvement of their material conditions, but from an impulse, deep in their hearts, to get knowledge. In other words to get somehow or other through those doors which have been open to you from birth : doors which lead into the land of knowledge and of learning and of understanding. Their opportunities have been few, their obstacles life-long. You hardly know the meaning of the word " obstacles," and your opportunities are so great that you hardly realise them yet. Every advantage that can be given by affection, by foresight and by money has fallen into your lap. You have class-rooms and playgrounds, and the two best things in life—books and leisure—things that I have to do without. Books and leisure ! With all that, I am amazed and rejoice at the spirit that is running through our girls' schools and colleges to-day, which makes them seek, as those who enjoy great privileges, to recognise the obligations that those privileges entail.

It is curious to think how recently women have come into their heritage. It is not so many years ago that the opportunities for the higher education of women were but few, and you should be grateful all your lives for the work done by those gallant pioneers in the generation before you. The sense of social duty is in itself a religious education in the best sense of the word, because it teaches us to be members one of another, and it makes us realise the difficulty—I was going to say the impossibility—of achieving salvation in a selfish isolation. This education aims, through all social differences, at uniting us in a common devotion to the welfare of our country.

I think this generation is learning that a fine sentiment is not sufficient. Just as Nurse Cavell said that patriotism was not enough in those last weeks she spent in the prison at Brussels, so we realise that we want more than words. Newman, in a famous university sermon, put that in one of his very crisp phrases: "Nothing is so easy as to be religious on paper."

The whole outlook for you girls has been revolutionised since your mothers' time, certainly since your grandmothers' time. I do not think revolutionised is too strong a word for the changes since your mothers were girls. Women, of course, always have played a part in history. There have been many speculations as to what the fate of the world would have been had Cleopatra's nose been

a little shorter ; and even in the time of the Greeks, who in many ways were a progressive people, all of you who know your Xenophon (as I expect you all do) will remember that Isomachus—by no means a benighted old Tory—when speaking of his young wife, said she had always been carefully guarded so that she might see as little, hear as little, and ask as few questions as possible. Now we have changed all that. You see everything there is to see ; you hear all there is to hear (and some of you a good deal more) ; and you ask questions. That means, I hope, that you are fitting yourselves to play your parts in life fully for the benefit of your country.

Social service, or what we call social service, may be practised by those who are called to earn their own livings and to make homes of their own : but I think it is a special call to those—and there are many in the world to-day—who may not be called upon either to earn their own living, or perhaps in their earlier years to make a home ; and, by taking up social work, they find the surest way, not only of enriching the life of the community, but of enriching their own lives by their experience. And the Association which has summoned this meeting to-day exists, among other things, to furnish facilities for you to enter upon such work and to enable you to equip yourselves to perform such work under supervision.

I spoke just now of the position of girls being

revolutionised. It is not singular in being revolutionised. The whole idea of what was called benevolence a couple of generations ago is changed and has been enormously enriched. It was possible for Bagehot in his day to wonder whether benevolence did not do more harm than good. He was referring especially to what he called " the wild passion for instant action." But to-day the old fields which were covered by that rather long word which we seldom hear to-day, " benevolence," or by the word " philanthropy " have been narrowed a great deal by the activities of the State and of the municipalities. There is much less chaos in the world and much less need for what I might call " emotional benevolence." You want to bring a combination of heart and brain into the task to-day.

The field of personal service has not shrunk, in spite of those increased activities of which I spoke. I should say it has never been wider than it is to-day, and there never has been a greater demand for the higher qualities of service. The standard of what is required has risen, and I am thankful to think that no public life in any country has been richer in personal service for generations than ours in this country. We want to maintain it, and we want to make it, if possible, better, and it is your active co-operation that is needed. You must help in the right spirit—a spirit of humility as well as of co-operation. It is a task not to be lightly entered on, and there is no room in it for the shallow

or the selfish. It is work which wants preparation, which wants training, and you will get very few rewards in it of a material kind. You won't get the publicity which you would get if you tried to swim the Channel or to fly, and you won't see results, at any rate in a week, or a month, or a year. Therefore your work in social service, whatever form it may take, requires exactly those two things that my work requires, if you survive in it and if in the long run you are to do any good—patience and faith in human worth. Those are the real foundations of democracy, not equality in the sense in which that word is so often used. We are not all equal, and never shall be; the true postulate of democracy is not equality but the faith that every man and woman is worth while. Beyond all the external trappings—whether it is a Rolls-Royce, or a donkey-cart, that the human being travels in—and through all the pain and tragedy of life, there is a human soul that you have to get into touch with, a human soul, which,

> Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> Yet do their best to climb.

You might look that out; it is not a modern poet.

While we are meeting here in London, and while, naturally, urban work makes so clamant an appeal to the young because congestion and poverty strike your eyes more vividly, do not ever forget the need of work of this kind in the country

where many of you, I hope, will have the good fortune to live. I do not suppose that many of you—I wish it were possible—will train for posts as elementary school teachers. But all the same, in the country you have excellent organisations—the Women's Institutes, the Rural Community Councils and the County Libraries—and through such organisations you can be doing great work, getting alongside the women in the country and preparing them to play the part in the betterment of the whole country which it is essential for everyone to play if democracy is to survive and to prove a blessing and not a curse to the people of this country. It is not only among the men that adult education is needed ; it is wanted for the women too, and, though it has lagged far behind, I rejoice to think that some very fine pioneer work has been done in that direction.

There is a college for working women at Surbiton for which much has been done by various girls' schools and colleges, and I understand that university women have thrown themselves there into the work of teaching, just as so many good men for seventy years past have thrown themselves into the work of the men's colleges of which I spoke when I first rose to address you this afternoon. They realised the one thing that I want you to take away from here this afternoon. There are—in private life one knows the type very well, and one never looks upon it with great respect,—men and women who

will take everything they can get from their friends or anybody else and give nothing back. Now you have started, as I said, with enormous advantages and enormous privileges which some day you may realise. Try to put back into the pool as much as or more than you have taken out. Make up your mind that that shall be your attitude towards life. Opportunities will be shown you, as life goes on, how you may best do your part. Look out for those opportunities and stretch out your hand to meet them.

ADULT EDUCATION

Speech delivered at an Informal Visit to the Working Men's College on 25th October 1927

I HAVE been touched on rather a tender spot this evening, because the bulk of what I know has been acquired by a very strenuous system of adult education lasting for about forty years. Although I have never been to this College before, I have been familiar all my life with its name, because an uncle of mine, Burne-Jones, used to come here and teach the art classes. The first thing that strikes any stranger visiting the College is the service given, ever since its foundation, by those busy men who give their time to the teaching of the students. Those who love learning in any form and who look on learning as the gateway to the freedom of one's own mind—which is one of the most important things in life—unless they are selfish brutes, want to share it with other people. That is the spirit in which people who have had many advantages in their youth, and men who have been trained in this College and are anxious to give back to their fellows what they have learnt, have come forward to help.

What is it that one gets when one is urged in the pursuit of knowledge by the real love of learning? What do you, as students, get from what you are taught in this College and from the companionship of men like-minded with yourselves? One really gets a great deal. When one sits down to study anything, one learns how little one knows. One ceases to be positive about things, and one becomes aware of one's own ignorance and of how little any man in this world can really know in the short space of his life. That is good for a man. It keeps him humble, as he ought to be, and it enables him to have some kind of standard of value in learning. It makes him discontented with the second-best. It makes a man keep on striving to get something which he may never get, but which it is far better he should strive for than that he should remain like a clod or a turnip.

The study of your own language brings you up against the great things of life. It opens up to you what is, after all, the greatest literature in the world—your own. It enables you to give expression to your thoughts and to test the truth of other people's thoughts. I am glad to hear that you spend a great deal of time in chasing the elusive syllogism. A little army of people who can go out into the world and not be deceived by syllogisms has a value to the community which is beyond price. If people are " sniffy " about adult education, their attitude is due to ignorance. While using your own

opportunities, you must see to it that the same facilities, so far as possible, are brought within the reach of all the people who can use them. By that way alone can a man find his own happiness and his own soul.

THE WORK OF QUINTIN HOGG

Speech delivered at a Banquet in Aid of the Polytechnic Appeal for Funds
30th March 1926

I SUPPOSE there have been few greater works in the generation immediately preceding my own than that work which was inaugurated by Quintin Hogg, the results of which have been known now to two generations of his countrymen. And to few can it have been granted to see, as he saw in his lifetime, the establishment on a permanent foundation of the great work to which he with much heart and infinite faith had put his hand in the early days of his manhood. He was no man who believed in the lopsided cultivation of one or other side of human nature ; he regarded the whole man as made up of his spiritual, social, physical and intellectual capacity, and that it is only the man who has developed all those four sides who can stand four square to all the winds that blow. And which of us has not known the man or woman who has developed one of those sides to the atrophy of the other, and known what a distorted character it makes ? The development of the spiritual to the exclusion of every other attribute of man leads to the bigot, the

development of the social feelings to the exclusion of everything else leads to the crank, the physical to the brute, and the intellectual to the devil. After all, by the mere pride of the intellect unaccompanied by anything else, by that sin fell the angels. Quintin Hogg realised that all these elements make up character, and it was more difficult to realise it forty or fifty years ago than it is to-day.

If the war has taught us nothing else, it ought to have taught us something of the magnificence of the raw material of the ordinary common man and woman of this country. It is very easy for some of us to think that we are immune from the temptations that beset people who have not had our advantages ; it is very easy to think that we are in a superior grade—intellectually and physically. But let me put it this way. Most of us in this room would believe that on the whole, progress is more easily achieved under the existing conditions of society than under Socialism or Communism, or any other " ism," and I think that is right, because I do not believe, and few of you believe, that civilisation is going to be helped to progress by the mere fact of the physical levelling down of incomes and of conditions. But if that be so, as I believe, is it not all the more incumbent on us to see that we, at any rate, can only maintain that position if we really put into the pool of life as much as we get out of it ? If we believe that, it is our bounden

duty to help the progress of the nation and of the race by trying to level up and by trying to secure that the advantages that we have enjoyed in our youth shall become as far as possible and as quickly as possible the common possession of the whole people. Only in so far as we succeed in doing that can we justify in the slightest degree the good fortune that has been given us.

THE CITIZEN AND THE GENERAL STRIKE

Extract from a Speech delivered at a Meeting at Chippenham 12th June 1926

When it falls to the historian in years to come to record the annals of our times, the events of the last two months will occupy a conspicuous place in history. On the 1st May the National Conference of Trades Unions Executives decided to call a general strike with the object of protesting against any interference with the present wages and working hours of the miners. On the same day they issued instructions to the members of selected unions to cease work at midnight on the Monday. The instructions were faithfully obeyed, and in the days following many more men were called out. The purpose of this policy was to obtain concessions for the miners, to force the Government to do something by bringing to a standstill that vast and complicated machinery which alone makes it possible for forty millions of people to live in this small island. If that policy had been allowed to proceed unchecked and unresisted, then all of us, strikers as well as the rest, would have been brought down to starvation and ruin.

There was no alternative had success attended that effort. On that account the Government took emergency measures to control food supplies, to commandeer all forms of transport, to preserve order, and to stop the export of such coal as might be in the ports. Now into those few hours there were thus crowded events of a staggering character, and, had they taken place among a less disciplined people than our people, riot and revolution would have quickly followed. But our race is not a raw and untried race. The country, true to its finest traditions, kept its head, and by keeping its head won the admiration, the reluctant admiration, of the world.

Nevertheless, such an event had a sinister portent in a land which prides itself above all things upon its peaceful and orderly development. Our political opponents had an explanation ready to hand, but, much as they deplored the General Strike, they say it was the fault of the Government, or, if not of the Government, the Prime Minister. It could have been avoided, they say, by wise statesmanship. If we had not given a subsidy last year, if we had anticipated the proposals of the Commission on the coal industry, if we had crammed the report down the throats of the owners and the men the moment it was received, all would have been well. I have never claimed that infallibility in office which always belongs to critics in opposition. I do not admit culpable delay in dealing with this problem, and I

feel this very strongly. Given the preparation for that conflict, given the propaganda of the last twenty years, given the conditions of industry since the war, given the delusions that followed on the war—in my view what occurred was inevitable. If it had not come in my time it would have come in that of my successor. If it had not come on Monday, the 3rd May, it would have come on some other date. The moment may have been accidental, but there was nothing accidental about the decision taken by the Trade Unions Executive. It was deliberate, it was unanimous, and if it had had its way—contrary, I am sure, to the desire of many of those who launched it—it might have destroyed the very civilisation which has taken generations of toil and sacrifice to build up. Therefore we must ask how such a thing came about, and I think we may well spend a few minutes in examining that question.

The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century was neither so sudden nor so complete a change as many people have thought. There have always been in this country conflicts and quarrels on hours and on wages between masters and their journeymen, and probably there always will be.

Discontent is no new thing. It was not born with the transition from domestic industries—of which you knew a good deal in Wiltshire in the old days. The transition from domestic industry to the factory stage was not made in a day. During its

course discontent was extended and it was intensified, by the restrictions of the old laws, of which, again, you knew something in the South Country. These laws punished the workman with imprisonment if he combined with other workmen to better his working conditions. It is one hundred years since those old laws were repealed, and for the first time a right of collective bargaining was established. It was recognised, and recognised fairly, that when you get large bodies of workmen together they cannot, nor is it fair to expect them to, negotiate individually against the more powerful management that controls large bodies of men ; and so it was that, to secure effective freedom of contract, power was given for man to join himself to man for that very purpose of bettering his position. The trade union as we know it came into being to meet the new conditions of industry. It was essential then, and for that purpose it will continue to be essential. This country is the birthplace of that kind of combination—this country, which has been the birthplace of every effort to free mankind by legitimate and evolutionary means, and will continue to be so, long after the efforts of other and less happy countries have gone down in failure and disaster. Throughout the last century trade unionism went on building up its membership, extending the field of its operations, making and enforcing agreements and devising machinery for conciliation and arbitration. There

was always in the background the right to strike, as there has always been in the background the right to lock-out to get that ultimate appeal to force which it should be the whole endeavour of an enlightened generation to render unnecessary. We have looked in the past on these things—strikes and lock-outs—as regrettable but unavoidable incidents of industrial evolution, but, just as the world to-day has come to the conclusion that more may be done by fraternising and disarmament, so it must be entering into men's heads at last, especially after these weeks, that there must be other methods than those of brute force for instilling reason into the mind of man, who prides himself above all other things on being the one reasoning and reasonable animal.

The State itself has attempted by one device and another to reduce the area of conflict, and at the end of the Great War, under Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister, the Industrial Courts Act was passed to give effect to ideas widely circulated at the time, in the hope that the delay of the presentation of the case on both sides, the airing of it in public, might give the necessary time for reason to get the upper hand. In many cases the action of those Courts has been productive of real good. But many times that principle of arbitration has been resisted—as in this present trouble of the coal dispute—because there are times when both parties prefer to think that a vital principle

is at stake, prefer to fight to a finish, and let the devil take all those that are outside.

It was along those evolutionary lines that Labour proceeded throughout the last century into the opening days of the present century, led by men who were familiar with the circumstances of their own industry, to raise the workers' standard of life; and I should like to remind you that during that last century, when this great trade union movement was growing so in strength, there were two other voluntary movements which sprang from the ranks of the people of this country, also destined to play a great part in their development—the friendly societies movement and the movement of the co-operative stores.

Now mark how, in this country as usual, the three great movements attempting in different ways to benefit the working-classes have developed outside the State. They sprang from the people themselves with a minimum of interference and regulation by the Government, and they have had an immense influence upon our education, political and otherwise. Their history has been chequered, they have had their troubles, their failures, their instances, as happens in all such movements, of dishonest leaders, of dishonest managers, but yet, on the whole, they have been real pioneers of democratic education in this country, and from them our people have learnt what they could have learnt from no other source whatever. And imagine

for one moment if all that initiative, all that experience and training in voluntary effort had taken place instead under the bureaucratic management of the Government and organised by the State, what the loss to the people of this country would have been. So it is that I am one of those who always think, far better let the country suffer, as it must suffer, from the mistakes that free democracy makes. They can be remedied, and people can go from strength to strength: but let not the volition of the people and their initiative be cramped by the leading strings of the Government or anyone else.

Now let me resume. There is nothing so difficult to stand as success. The growth of that great trade union movement brought with it the perils which beset all big organisations, whether they be of masters or of men. Big organisations are apt to become inhuman, hard. They become indifferent towards the individual. There is a tendency to crush him out and they become impatient towards minorities. Having forged an instrument of great potential power, the temptation to use it as the Kaiser used the German Army is irresistible. Five-and-twenty years ago there were over two million men enrolled in the great trade union movement, and the number kept on growing in the decade before the war. This is what I want you to note. New currents of thought from the Continent of Europe were flowing through the minds of the rank and file which had the effect of changing

the character of British trade unionism. Many old and trusted leaders became discredited, and you found that strikes, instead of being the last resort in an industrial struggle, tended to become the first resort in a struggle which was gradually becoming more political than it was industrial. Two years before the war the then Government of Lord Oxford was confronted with an epidemic of strikes which spread from one trade to another. The quarrel of one trade became the quarrel of all. This was the sympathetic strike, so-called, which was engineered to demonstrate, to use a phrase of the day, the solidarity of Labour. In the hands of one set of leaders, it perhaps meant no more than obtaining influence to put pressure on employers to better the conditions of the men. But in the hands of others it became an engine to wage what was beginning to be called class warfare, and the general strike which first began to be talked about was to be the supreme instrument by which the whole community could be either starved or terrified into submission to the will of its promoters. There was a double attitude at work in the same movement: the old constitutional attitude, such as had been adopted by the trade union organisation, of negotiations, keeping promises made collectively, employing strikes where negotiations failed; and on the other hand the attempt to transform the whole of this great trade union organisation into a machine for destroying the system of private enterprise, of substituting for it

a system of universal State employment, or the control of production by industrial groups. What was to happen afterwards was never very clear. The only thing clear was the first necessity to smash up the existing system. This was a profound breach with the past, and in its origin it was a movement drawing largely its inspiration from a foreign source, and, like all those foreign revolutionary instances, it has been very largely secretive and subterranean. This attitude towards agreements and contracts has been a departure from the British tradition of open and straight dealing. The propaganda is a propaganda of hatred and envy. The metaphors are those of the battlefield, principally employed by those whose first-hand knowledge of battlefields is singularly small.

Its goal is not an industrial democracy, but the dictatorship of an oligarchy; but when I say of foreign origin I use the word foreign in no sense of disparagement: I only mean un-English. Many good things come from abroad, but in matters of democratic government and democratic freedom we in this country are the fathers and mothers alike of them. There is no country in the world that can teach us anything on that subject; there is no country in the world within half a century of where we are, and therefore I say that any influences that come from any other country to try to teach us the principles of democratic government are wrong for this country, because they are principles which

have been born in an environment that has never known freedom in the sense that we have known it. Both these attitudes in the world of labour were displayed for the first time on a large scale in those strikes which immediately preceded the Great War, and you have seen them again in the last two months.

There was no doubt in my mind—and I am going to give you my own views—that there were responsible and respected trade union leaders who assented with reluctance and with anxiety to the telegrams ordering the General Strike, and in the hope that somehow or other the consequences of their action would be avoided. Some of them saw and believed, without reason in my view, but also genuinely from their point of view, that if the miners had to concede anything in wages or in hours the industries which they represented would be, in their own language, attacked next, and they were determined to ward off that attack. Let us give those leaders the most generous interpretation that we can of how they came to authorise that strike. But there were other leaders who, if you may judge by the speeches they have made in the past, regarded any such attempt as a chance of bringing off or of aiding what is called the social revolution. It is certain, too, that however much you may call or believe the General Strike to be industrial, the results are political and social. It is a great tribute to the good qualities of the strikers, who are our own people, that they showed that

sense of discipline and restraint in obedience to their instructions. Many of them obeyed their orders from their sense of loyalty, orders of which they disapproved themselves, but if that strike had been successful it would have meant industrial ruin, not only to the miners, but to the whole country, and you do not alter that fact by using long words.

It may have been a magnificent demonstration of the solidarity of labour, but it was at the same time a most pathetic evidence of the failure of all of us to live and work together for the good of all. I recognise the courage that it took on the part of the leaders who had taken a false step to recede from that position unconditionally, as they did on 12th May. It took a good deal more courage than it takes their critics now, who are blaming them for not going straight on, whatever happened. But if that strike showed solidarity, sympathy with the miners—whatever you like—it showed something else far greater. It proved the stability of the whole fabric of our own country, and to the amazement of the world not a shot was fired. We were saved by common sense and the good temper of our own people. We have been called a stupid people; but the moment the public grasped that what was at stake was not the solidarity of labour nor the fate of the miners, but the life of the State, then there was a response to the country's need deep and irresistible. And mark this: in my view there was that feeling in the country because the leaders of

the strike and the men who were on strike felt it in their innermost hearts, too. They felt a conflict of loyalties. They knew that that same conflict was raging in the breasts of thousands of men who had fought for their country ten years ago. Many of the strikers were uneasy in their minds and their consciences, because the British workman, as I know him, does not like breaking contracts, as so many of them did. I do not think many of them like stopping food supplies and shutting down the Press. I sometimes amuse myself with wondering what their language would have been like if these things had been done by the Government. And, after all, when all has been said about England, about the mistakes we make, and about our stupidity, and about how much better they do things in Russia, yet how many of those men, or any of us, would prefer to have been born and brought up in any country in the world but this, or to send our children to be brought up there. In these post-war years, in spite of all the depression, in spite of all our troubles, never before has the wealth of this country, through the taxes and the rates, been so distributed to those less fortunate and for the provision of those thrown out of work.

We carry in our hearts what is the innermost core of the British Constitution. We have the widest franchise. We have a party system highly susceptible to public opinion in the country, and we legislate in accordance with that opinion. We have these things, and we know in our hearts that no

revolutionary change can give us a more democratic freedom. The historians of English law taught us a profound truth when they wrote, " In England the law for the great men has become the law for all men." The nobles and merchants centuries ago established their rights against the arbitrary authority of the Crown and the divine right of kings ceased to be acknowledged. Our people are not going to throw over Parliament to set up divine right either of the capitalist or of the trade unionist, and we are not going to bow down to a dictatorship of either. In no country in the world is there less need to do so, and in no country in the world is there less justification politically for a general strike.

I have tried to give you as briefly as I can—though, I fear, at some length—how I regard the situation through which we are passing, and some of its causes. I want to see our British Labour movement free from alien and foreign heresy. I want to see it pursued and developed on English lines, led by English men. The temptations that beset the growth of these vast organisations, in many respects as they are to-day outside the law, controlling multitudes of men and large sums of money—the temptation to set such a machine in motion and make people follow it is great indeed. I said in the House of Commons the other day we had better look forward than look back; and I would look forward for a moment with you, because we are to-day at a turning of the ways, and much will depend on which turning

we take both for industry and for trade unions. The problems at home are not unlike the problems of the world outside. The world outside has realised at last what an unspeakable thing war is. They realise that so long as there are great armaments there is risk of war. To meet that the League of Nations has been established. Disarmament conferences are now being held and nations are meeting together to devise other methods of settling age-long quarrels than by the arbitrament of the sword. We have yet to get this coal trouble out of the way. When that is done we shall have to try once more to see whether we cannot choose a better way and find methods for avoiding war at home; and as Europe has had to work these latter years to repair damages done by war, so we shall have to set to work to repair the damage that has been done this year by our internecine strife at home. As the burden of armaments has been crushing the life out of Europe in years past, so has the money spent in trade disputes these last years been far more hurtful to the standard of life of the worker than any alleged conspiracy on the part of the Government or anyone else. Perpetual strife can only lead to poverty and oppression, and peace alone can remove these two spectres of poverty and oppression. We have much to do. There are aspirations and legitimate aspirations in the breasts of our fellow-countrymen which will have to be met, and until we ensure peace in our country we cannot begin to work.

The time will come, soon, I hope and believe, when what has been impossible under the clouds of suspicion which have been passing over the country may become possible for the more enlightened and statesmanlike minds among employers and trade-union leaders, with whatever help the Government can give them, to meet and discuss some new industrial policy that once and for all may put behind them the kind of open and concealed warfare which has been the order of the day for so many years, and which has not only prevented us from making progress, but has actually caused us in many industries to give way and go back. I have taken a long time this afternoon talking to a country audience on matters which do not come directly under their notice, and I have done it intentionally, because if this country is going to look forward and to move to better things, it can only be done by united co-operative will and the help of every man and woman of whatever rank and whatever station, and wherever they are. Because in this part of England, those who support me in Parliament won some of the great triumphs of the last election, I appeal to you to stand by us, and not to lose your faith in us, confident that when the opportunity arises we shall use every endeavour to instil once more into our country people hope in the future and faith in the future, and that spirit of brotherhood in which alone great things can be accomplished.

PART IV

A STATESMAN AND A SOLDIER

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

Speech delivered in the House of Commons
16th February 1928

THIS House to-day desires to pay tribute to one who was a Member of this House for more than a generation. He was essentially a House of Commons man, and he was perhaps one of the greatest Parliamentarians of the last century. For that task his equipment was, indeed, remarkable and complete : an intellect fine and rare, trained in those schools best calculated to bring out the noblest qualities of that type of intellect ; a scholar steeped in the classical tradition, with a profound knowledge of the literature of his own country, and a speaker of his own tongue, I think I may say, without rival in his generation. His speeches as they fell from his lips were literature, and, though few things are so ephemeral as the spoken word, I am convinced that generations yet to come will read his speeches in the early days of the war, and the tribute he paid in this House to Alfred Lyttelton as one of the most beautiful tributes to a loved Member of this House that has ever been paid.

With him, every word as he spoke fell into its

place inevitably. There was no meretricious adornment. There was not one excessive word. His argument was close-reasoned and logical, and his whole speech compact together as if fitted in the brain of a master. His judgment, helped by his temperament, which was essentially calm and judicial, was rarely at fault. I think few leaders in this House made fewer mistakes than he in judging the temper either of his party or of the House. He had a profound knowledge of both, and he maintained a poise in all matters connected with this House and politically that nothing upset and that nothing ruffled. His personal integrity was unassailable, his loyalty to those whom he served or those who served him never failed. It was a loyalty deep set, built into his character, that wrought no evil and that thought no evil, and with that a nature large and magnanimous, which never harboured a mean thought. He was always ready to let others have credit. He was always ready to take the blame that belonged to others on to his own shoulders.

Keen controversialist and strong party man as he was, I look back on those half-dozen years immediately preceding the war, when there was more bitterness in political controversy than there had been for a generation before, or has been since, and I can remember no instance in which, whether on the platform or in this House, he spoke words that were false or words that could wound. Such

wounds as he inflicted in political conflict were wounds that were caused in his opponents by the closeness of his logic and the weight of his arguments. No malice ever entered into them. In politics, he showed that magnanimity which we often feel, I hope rightly, is the peculiar possession of our race in its political life. Under an exterior sometimes brusque in this House, there was a very tender human heart, well known to his friends, and it is little wonder not only that he won admiration, an admiration due to his gifts in this House, but that he won a much rarer thing, the love of those who worked with him as of those who were his friends.

Public life tries character as by fire. It tries it in success, and it tries it in the moment of what the world calls failure. There were some words which he wrote as far back as 1910, at the close of an address to the students of Aberdeen, which I think explain his outlook on life in the face of success and of failure: "Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune or the inscrutable vicissitudes of life."

Though, perhaps, temptations come more subtly and less easily discernible to men who walk in the high places of this earth, the deterioration of

character which has so often been seen in this world is more obvious to mankind when men have to face bitter and cruel disappointments. In the last years of his life he had to face such, and he faced them without bitterness, without blame, without self-pity, and with no attempt at self-justification. He faced them with a dignity perfect and restrained, and towards the closing years of his life, as throughout his life, but never more than in those closing years, he conferred distinction on the public life of this country and distinction on this House which he had known for so long.

His voice is silent to-day. A few years, and there will be none who will remember it. A few years, and the voices of those addressing the House to-day will be silent, too, and a few more years and their voices will be forgotten. But the character and the spirit remain to fortify the coming generations and to illuminate their paths. We turn aside to-day for a moment from controversy and from business, and, as we leave this Chamber, we shall leave it for this afternoon to darkness and to silence. Into that darkness and into that silence we must all go when our time comes. May it be our lot to leave behind to our friends as fragrant a memory as Lord Oxford, and to our country a light, however faint, to lighten the steps of those who come after.

EARL HAIG OF BEMERSYDE

Speech delivered in the House of Commons
8th February 1928

The Motion which I move to-day proposes that we should present a humble Address to His Majesty, praying that he will give directions that a monument be erected at the public charge to the memory of that great soldier who has so recently been taken from us.

It is not part of my duty, nor is it, I think, part of a layman's duty, nor, I think, has the time come upon anyone's part to attempt a military appreciation of the services of Lord Haig. I will content myself with saying that by common consent he was one of the great figures of the war. But the ultimate place of any soldier, as of any statesman, can never be decided in the lifetime of the generation to which he belongs. That is true of soldiers, and it is true of statesmen. Among one's contemporaries the voice of criticism is always loud, and also the voice of controversy. Not all the facts can be known or will be known for many years. I think for a moment it might be well for us to consider how the judgments of contemporaries have been altered by greater knowledge, by greater

research, and by judgment taken in that cool critical air when all the participants in the events of the time have passed away and all their voices are silent.

In reading an article the other day I found a statement that the Great War in Europe threw up no great figures. I thought it was rather bold on the part of any writer within ten years of that time to attempt such a statement. I remember the same thing being said by intellectual men shortly after the civil war in America. Many figures have emerged from that war, soldiers and statesmen, but if there be one figure, appreciated far below true value at the time, and which has greatly grown with the passing years and will continue to grow, it is that of Abraham Lincoln. In the same way, among his contemporaries, was not Sir John Moore put down as a failure, and did not nearly half a century elapse before his Journals were published? He is recognised now as one of the great soldiers of all time.

For many years after the close of the civil war in America, Stonewall Jackson was the name of a brilliant, hard-hitting fighter, but nearly half a century passed before every student of warfare came to recognise that he was one of the great stategical geniuses of modern times. How true it is in the case of a soldier as it is in the case of a statesman, that you cannot judge the ultimate effects of a man's work until you take into consideration

not only the years that preceded his labours, not only those of his own time, but the years succeeding, where his influence and the influence of his actions and of his teaching is shown on the next generation. Half a century ago, no name amongst soldiers stood higher than that of General Moltke; but before the war, among German students themselves, his fame fell from that highest pinnacle, and since the war I have seen military studies in Germany that traced many of the disasters which overtook them in the war to the influence and the teaching of the great Moltke himself.

So I say that the time has not come for us to judge, even if we were capable so to do, which we are not; but I will hazard this prediction, that the fame of Lord Haig will grow as the years go by. Although I can say nothing on the point of military appreciation, I can speak of Lord Haig's character, because of character contemporaries can judge. There may be much on which the future will throw light, yet, by universal consent, his fellow-countrymen recognised in him, above all, three things that they always value most in a man—steadfastness, absolute and complete integrity; a man to whom a mean thought or a mean action was impossible; and, thirdly, loyalty to everyone with whom he served; loyalty to everyone in the Army, from the highest to the lowest, and, what is more difficult, loyalty to the civil governing power. I say, without fear of contradiction, that in cases where Lord Haig

had to follow orders from the Government, even in cases where he could not fully agree, once he had given his word he followed those orders and did so with never a thought and never a word again except absolute loyalty to the duty which lay before him. A rare and great gift in all walks of life! He was no speaker, and there I sympathise with him, but he could use his pen, and in those few words he wrote in the spring of 1918 he was able to write words that have etched themselves into the heart of every man who read them and of every one of his fellow-countrymen throughout the whole world. That pen, which he never hired, was one which he used most effectively for the purposes which he believed to be right. I remember being told, sometime ago, that when Lord Milner went to see him in that terrible spring of 1918 and had to speak to him about the placing of the British command underneath that of Marshal Foch, he saw Field-Marshal Lord Haig alone, first of all. He broached the subject not without difficulty. Lord Milner was a sensitive man and he knew what a British General might feel in this case; but Lord Haig said to him at once: "Do not think of me or of my position. I only want to win this battle." And so far as his military services were concerned, he served his country to the end. Within the last few months, in December, in fact, he rendered valuable service to the Committee of Imperial Defence. We had been studying there a very hard

and most difficult problem. There was much difference of opinion, and the service on which we asked him to enlighten us was a service which required much study and much reflection. He came up to London twice, in November and in December, but the help he gave us was invaluable in the quality of the advice, and his great influence brought about a unity of conception among those who had been taking very different views.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable things about him was the way in which immediately the war ended he effaced himself. He was a man who entered into no controversy. There was no article of any kind, no book justifying himself, or attacking others. He knew that no man can be his own advocate before posterity. That character was the secret of his strength, and I know, from talks I have had with men, that that humble personal life of his made itself felt all through the British Army incalculably and was no small factor in the *moral* of those great forces. I do not think the things he stood for can be summed up more beautifully than in the last sentence of the remarkable letter from Lady Haig, which appears in the papers to-day : " May his memory inspire us to follow his example and cherish as faithfully as he did the same simple, true and honest virtues—good-will, good fellowship, good citizenship, loyalty to King and country, patriotism, pride in the high traditions of our race, and land, and, above all, comradeship."

And, sir, in his death, how happy! No failing of his powers, mental or physical, but called away in the plenitude of his strength. Never could there be a truer instance of those well-known lines that must have occurred to many of us :

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, . . .
> . . . nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

He lies in one of the most beautiful spots in our island—at Dryburgh. He is one of the few men whom I would choose as worthy to be laid by Walter Scott. It was Scott himself who, thinking of the ravages of the English in the Tweed valley, said : " We have nothing left of Dryburgh but the right to stretch our bones there." In that land once ravaged by the English this great son of the Border is laid to rest amid the mourning not only of his own people but of every Englishman and every man of English descent in every corner of the world. Proud indeed is Tweed, in the sound of whose waters breaking over their gravel bed Walter Scott breathed out his immortal soul on that September afternoon nearly one hundred years ago, and whose waters now are washing that strip of land in which those two great Bordermen lie and will lie for ever until the Last Day.

He was indeed a very gentle, perfect knight.

Our task to-day is to give expression, so far as we are able, to a simple primitive human desire. I know there are people who say, " What need of a monument ? " I remember many years ago that in the town of Oldham a monument was put up to a man who was highly regarded by the operatives of that great town, and what was said by them at the time was this : " We want something that is of no use. We do not want anything of benefit to anybody, but just something to remind us of him." That I am convinced is what we all want, and what the members of the British Legion want. Just something that they can look at and say, " There he is." Something which they can show their children ; something on which they can lay their poppies. That, I think, is the desire of the simple human heart, and it is because I know we are interpreting the primitive desire of millions of silent people in this country that I hope this House, after whatever further discussion it may think fit, will pass this Motion with unanimity.

PART V

AMONG ARTISTS AND SCIENTISTS

AMONG SCULPTORS

Speech delivered at the Dinner of the Royal Society of British Sculptors 25th February 1926

I HAVE been much comforted in the last few days—in spite of some apprehension which must always occur in the minds of those who try to look forward—by the feeling that whatever course politics and revolutions may take in this country, the future of art is assured. Because I have learned from an interesting volume by Mrs. Sidney Webb that the artists must work untrammelled by any management, whether co-operative, governmental, or capitalistic. And she goes on to say that governments are no more successful than capitalists in either managing, producing or directing art. You have been singled out alone as the one class of the community who apparently will be left alone and to whom no benefit can accrue from any form of nationalisation. That in itself is a very great compensation to have from so authoritative a source.

We are living, perhaps, in rather difficult times. We have long passed through the days of the noble patron, the days of the Medici. The days of the Medici are no more, and the new day has not yet been

born, but it almost seems to me that the natural successors of the Medici are the great corporations and municipal authorities of this country, and I think it should be their duty, now that they are between them covering our towns with their buildings and laying out our country-side with their town-planning, to see that all these schemes and these designs should be permanently beautified by whatever art in its proper place has to offer, and that art should be our own native British art. I hope, in spite of some evidence to the contrary, that we may pass through that curious snobbish subjection to foreign names and tastes which has been rife in this country so long. Literature has always had so strong a place in this country that it never suffered in the same degree. But until recent times no singer was considered worth hearing unless he had an Italian name, and no musician worth hearing unless he had a German name, and even to-day no dance music is considered worth hearing unless it is by a mulatto.

These things will pass, and I think the day will come when we shall have finally shaken off those swaddling clothes in which the last generation was wrapped. What the cause was I do not know. I have often thought that there was an idea, certainly lasting almost to the days of my childhood, that there was something not quite respectable in being an artist. Why, I do not know. I think we are passing out of that. It may have been on account of the feeling that the Victorian age had, that nudity—

so essentially associated with art—was a peculiarity of the foreigner, and it is, perhaps, reaction that is making people so much affect it at present. There is nothing more natural than that you should swing from one extreme to another. And here I think we shall right ourselves before very long. Then it may be that the final emergence from the swaddling clothes will take place, and we shall realise that we can do as good work here as is done in any country.

Let me beg of you fortunate people who are artists by temperament and in power to remember one or two things that perhaps an outsider may be allowed to tell you. Take pride in your work and believe in the judgment of your peers, because in any art and in any work the only thing that matters is the judgment of your own peers. Do not be unduly affected by criticisms which may be written in the Press or magazines, always remembering that there is nothing which is so ruled by the prevailing fashion of the moment as criticism, and there is nothing which dies or changes its fashion more quickly. Art is eternal, criticism is essentially ephemeral. Do not be misled or downhearted if your work is not called brilliant. Many men are so anxious to impress themselves on the public that they will stand on their heads if only a critic will call them brilliant. A very distinguished critic named Leslie Stephen said once that Walter Scott was not brilliant. Since I read that I say, " Thank God I am not brilliant." Sir Walter Scott will be

remembered in every country of the world with pride and thankfulness when the last critic has mouldered in the dust.

Your art is one of the most glorious that can be, because it is more directly creative than any other art. And it is eternal. There is no other art of which it can be said that specimens of it may be forgotten and dug up two thousand or three thousand years after they have been lost, and reappear to the delight and edification of humanity. And I think that every sculptor may bear in mind that he more than anyone is working for eternity, and that in itself should lend a nobility of aim to all his work. There are drawbacks in all artistic work. You, just as I, are in search of ideals. I think, perhaps, it may be easier for you to achieve yours than it is for me, because you work in a material which, so hard, stays in the form in which you carve it. Mine is constantly changing, and subject to an infinite number of disturbances over which I have no control at all. It is impossible for me if I live to the age of Methuselah to see the things I am working for materialise. I have to work entirely in faith. The faith you require is faith that it may be given to you to realise and reproduce your ideals. We all know that very few men do that. And yet, after all, we have to remember that it was a sculptor who did produce his ideal once, and who by the love of his own work brought that work to life. I never heard that said of any other form of art. And I add this

—and this brings a sculptor near to my heart—it was a sculptor who more than two thousand years ago said, " Let the cobbler stick to his last," or, in other words, " Mind your own business "—which are words that seldom escape the lips of a Prime Minister.

AMONG HISTORIANS

Address of Welcome delivered to the Members of the Anglo-American Conference of Historians, 13th July 1926

EVERYBODY here, I take it, is interested in some way or other in history, and of course I am too, for after all history very largely is politics. And we politicians naturally take some interest in history, because it is only history that can judge us. I do not think that any verdict passed on any of us in our lifetime, not as regards our personalities, but as regards our work, can be worth anything. I do not think our work can be judged for two or three generations for this reason—the facts are not there. The present generation cannot tell—it has no means of knowing—what are the real reasons connected with a statesman's taking at a certain moment a course that he does take. Also, it seems to me always that to give fair judgment on a man's work and to be able to compare with it other men's work, you must see the after effects, because one's work is simply a link in a long chain, and the chain must be in the future as well as in the past. Therefore, with regard to the ultimate verdict upon us, it does become of importance to us that historians should

get at the right sources of information, and having got at those sources, should handle them fairly. I think perhaps one of the most remarkable ways in which historical study has progressed in recent years has been the painstaking search in the documents and contemporary records and the fair way in which use has been made of them.

It is obviously a source of immense pleasure to all of us in England to see so many interested in historical study coming from America to London, partly because it is a very useful and a very good thing in every way that we should meet on common ground, compare notes, and try to improve ourselves by communication with each other. It is also, I think, of extraordinary interest, because we welcome you from America here into what is one of the greatest storehouses in the world of historical knowledge, and nothing but good can come of such intercourse and of such research. The more research is carried out—and here "I speak as a fool"—it seems to me the less will be the danger to yield to that temptation to write without full knowledge. To get a fair judgment of any historical period you have to get back into that period, with intimate knowledge of what led up to it, and not let yourselves be deflected by what happened subsequently.

Of course, it is difficult perhaps to say a few words of welcome to you here without saying a word or two on the historical studies that are going on at present. Nothing, I think, as a lay Englishman,

has given us greater pleasure than the way in which during recent years historical students in America have been devoting themselves to research and to the history of the period of the American Revolution. It is a period of vital importance, and I think it is generally recognised, both in America and in this country, how much harm has been done in the relations between the two countries owing to certain representations of that history before the immature minds of the schoolchildren in America. And I always feel myself that that is the period that both in this country and in America demands prolonged and intensive research because of the effect that the events of that history had on the two peoples.

It may often be that the Americans feel that we in England, with the exception of one or two histories that have been written, have been apt, perhaps, not to pay sufficient attention to the time which, to them, of course, must be one of the very first significance. But it is well for the ordinary educated person (and I am not speaking of people who are students) to realise that at the time when the American Revolution took place, while on the American shore it was an epoch-making event, it was in this country much more in the nature of an incident, because at that time we were still continuing the secular struggle with France that led to the final conflict with and the fall of Napoleon ; we were in process of building an empire in other parts of the world, and no one here, any more than in

America, at that time could have visualised the consequences in after years : the growth of that great continent, or indeed any of the events that occurred in the next century. I just say that, because it may be that sometimes people in America feel that in this country we may have averted our eyes from that struggle rather from a feeling that we were beaten or because we were ashamed of it or for some reason like that. It was nothing of the kind. There was a feeling of regret, of profound regret, yes ; but then the split in the stock was not realised, and the idea of the British stock split up in all parts of the world and developing and carrying the civilisation was an idea that had not yet got hold of the people.

Now, I did want to say a word or two, also very much from a lay and ignorant point of view, about your historians. I don't know myself what is the best way to learn history, whether it be such history as I have described, or any other history. I have always felt myself that the most readable histories and the best things to start on are the really biassed ones, because I always feel that unless a man makes his characters into heroes or devils, or both, he seldom is an interesting writer. Yet if we rely too much on them, we are apt to get false ideas, and it is difficult to know what to do. I think the reign of the prejudiced historian is rather at a discount to-day. There is a greater effort to be fair and to write as far as possible without bias. My first

history, I think, was gained partly from fiction (and a good deal of history is fiction) and partly from pictures. I remember my earliest history I gained from a beautifully illustrated edition of Froissart, which taught me a good deal about the reigns of Edward III and Richard II, and I started with the " Tales of a Grandfather," which no one could call unbiassed. Then I went on to the Waverley novels, and got all my ideas of the Jacobite risings from Sir Walter Scott. That coloured my history for a long time. Then I passed on to the men one enjoyed most—Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle and Clarendon—but they were all ingrainedly biassed.

The question is, how are we to correct that later? Yet I am quite sure that if you try to bring up a youth on entirely unbiassed history he would never read it at all. I don't know whether the attempt has ever been made to bring up the budding historian on Stubbs, whom I believe to be quite unbiassed, but whom people would perhaps think a little difficult for a start. I think on the whole I prefer my own method: to get a vivid picture first and correct it afterwards. Generally speaking, you don't want to be fair until you are grown up. I think to try to make young people see every side and sit on the fence and balance opinions would be to train a generation of mugwumps who would be singularly ineffective in practical life.

Of course, as with all generous-minded children, my sympathies always went with the beaten side.

I don't think that is a bad thing to start with, and I always feel, too, and I think this is true historically, that the beaten side never gets properly represented in history, never gets, as we should say, " a good press," any more than the beaten man does in politics. I think the two spheres are very similar in that way. It may well be that, holding those views, I have always lived in the hope that there would be a history of the American Revolution written from the English point of view. I don't know of one, though there may be one. I want to see that written from the point of view of the men who fought against George Washington. It would be very interesting. There is a fine field of labour for someone.

I should like to say, on behalf of the Government, with what great pleasure we see this visit from America to this country. We like to see you here if it is only to enjoy yourselves, but we like to see you, particularly when you are going to dig among our old records. After all, they are essential to you, because, however much the link may have been cut or snapped with every emigrant that has gone over in the last one hundred and fifty years, every such man is the product of the generations that have gone before him, and it seems to me—and I speak with all humility—that you never can understand your own problems until you understand the problems of the stock of these men who are now making your country. And the history of those movements

which made that man what he is to-day is to be found in London and in places on the Continent. After all, one of the few reasons why I should like to live for a short time some centuries hence is that I might see how you develop in America, because you have got so many problems of such amazing human interest before you, problems that could not have been foreseen by the founders of the Republic.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I bid you all, in the words that are used in the City, a hearty welcome.

AMONG ARCHÆOLOGISTS

Speech delivered at the Annual Meeting of the British School at Athens, in London 2nd November 1926

You have paid me the compliment of inviting me to preside at the Annual Meeting of the British School at Athens and to move the adoption of the Annual Report. I have been used in my lifetime to perform many acts of faith, but I must confess that none has been greater than the act which I am performing this evening, because I am ashamed to say that I have not read a word of the Report. However, if any of you have apprehensions, I feel sure that they will be removed by the Greek Minister, who is to second the motion, and I count myself privileged to be here if only to tell him how extremely grateful we are to the Greek Government for having allowed the Villa Ariadne and the site of the Palace of Knossos, the property of Sir Arthur Evans, to be transferred to the School on the most favourable possible terms.

I know that I am speaking to-day in the presence of a number of experts in excavation, and I realise with humility that, fresh from the toils of the great problem which besets us to-day, the only form of

excavation with which I am familiar is the excavation of coal; but I have for years taken a great interest in the work of this School as a most humble onlooker and sympathiser. I have often wondered, when we to-day go digging up the treasures of people who lived two thousand or three thousand years ago, what would be the finds of those who might come and dig in London, for instance, two thousand or three thousand years hence, when all our towns are covered by a mass of debris. Will there be nations who will take so much interest in us as to send out parties of excavators? I often wonder whether, if they do, they will find vases of exquisite design on which the Keats of the period might write an ode, or bronzes idealising the human figure, or other works showing the individuality of the artist and crying across the ages because of their intrinsic beauty? I have to confess to myself that such excavators in the year A.D. 5,000 would be far more likely to find midden heaps of safety-razor blades and coils of gas-pipes. Now these are articles no doubt of extraordinary aptitude for the purpose for which they are designed, and they and many others like them are perhaps consummate in their way, but even so, it seems to me that there would be something lacking in the surviving products of our generation in comparison with those which modern excavators look to find when they go to Hellas to dig. Judged by the remnants that might be found, judged by that

outside setting of our mass production of which we are so proud, what view will the generations after us take of our civilisation, and what view will they take of our mentality ?

Nothing strikes one more in examining the objects discovered by the School at Athens than the individual care of the artist and the way in which his personality has so often been moulded into the very stuff that he left for us. I think it was Plutarch who said that " Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty ; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for its preservation when once produced." I suppose everyone who is here to-day—and their presence shows it—would hold with me that there are not, and there never will be, treasures more worth finding than those that this School is in search of up and down Greece.

To me at least there is a touching significance when one considers their age-long rivalry in the fact that the search party which is going to Sparta should have its base in Athens. It seems to me as if a search party were to put up at the Lime Street Hotel in Liverpool in order to excavate Manchester or at Edinburgh in order to excavate Glasgow. Athenians, I think, would have wondered whether there was anything worth digging up in Sparta at all. But it is not the Athenians who have to

decide that. It is you. There are, at any rate, two or three things in Spartan life that I think ought to appeal to all sections of this generation. The example that the Spartans made of the drunken Helots would find some to applaud it to-day. The alacrity with which some of our modern womanhood are striving now to overtake the modes and the fashions of those girls who took part in the festivals of Greece shows that their practices in this respect command emulation in some quarters. There is much also in the Spartan regime that would appeal to the modern Fascisti. The Spartans had another rule which one has often heard Britons blamed for following—never to trust the foreigner. I do not think that there would have been much chance for a Soviet Delegation in Sparta.

I like to think of the earth being stirred over grim Sparta. To all boys—and I am speaking of my own recollections—she had a peculiar appeal. I think most boys prefer her to Athens and prefer Leonidas to Alcibiades in spite of the fact that Alcibiades is a much more successful character in the modern world than Leonidas. But there is something in Spartan discipline and mode of life that appeals to strenuous youth, and it may be the cherished recollections of far distant days that make me feel a thrill at the thought of the investigations of the School in Sparta. We must not think, however, that that work can be carried on without expense, and it is for financial support that I desire

to appeal. To those who feel that their own lives have been enriched by the legacy of Greece no words are necessary, but I would remind those who affect to despise Greek, and who believe that they see more clearly without any knowledge of it, of one service to humanity which the Greeks performed. September of the year 490 B.C. was to my mind a more cardinal moment of fate for Europe than August 1914. Western civilisation, as we know it with its merits and its faults, was saved in its infancy at Marathon, and ten years later by Leonidas and by the men of Salamis. Rome was then in her infancy ; and had it not been for that decade there would have been nothing to prevent Eastern Europe being orientalised and the ultimate fight for the hegemony of Europe would have been left to the Persians and the Carthaginians. But for the Greeks there would have been no civilisation as we know it, and we should all have been dark-skinned people with long noses.

I have neither the time nor the knowledge to discuss our debt to Greece, but I realise dimly, as one who, with others, is attempting to conduct the destinies of the country which leads the world in freedom, what we owe to those City States who first delivered the West and set it on that path which we, haltingly at times but not inconsistently, have for so long endeavoured to tread. England is the natural home of liberty and free institutions, and in her endeavour to secure these blessings for the

world no country ought to be quicker than she in acknowledging her debt to Hellas and in remembering how it was there that in those far off days:

> . . . the sons of Athens set
> The stone that Freedom stands on yet.

AMONG DOCTORS

Speech delivered at the Annual Dinner of the Royal Society of Medicine
18th November 1926

I HAVE been singularly unfortunate in my life in having seen so little of members of the medical profession. I hope you have not seen too much of members of mine. But a very great deal of our work stands a very close comparison. We are both physicians, although I prefer your patients to mine. I have been trying to prescribe for some time with complete failure. The common goal which we share together is a very simple one. It is to try to attain perfect health under a normal balance of functions, a harmonious co-operation of all the organs whether of the State or of the body. I think the State might be described in physical language as an infinitesimally complex assembly of growing structures never at rest. The cells that compose it are always being born and always dying, and throughout the change there is moving equilibrium of the whole.

They are subject not only to distemper, but disease. Our temperature in politics varies almost as rapidly as temperatures vary in the cases that

you deal with. I am not very expert in the use of a clinical thermometer, but had I been able to use one on the Constitution in the early weeks of May, during the General Strike, I think we should have registered a temperature of 105 or 106. As we always say in the House of Commons when we have not the least intention of being contradicted, I hope some honourable gentleman will correct me if I am in error. I should say also, assuming my best bedside manner, that the temperature has fallen since May, but there are symptoms of fever still in the body politic. I cannot say—and here perhaps I am less skilful than you—how long it may be before the temperature of the patient is normal.

It depends upon a variety of circumstances. There is a very virulent epidemic which might be diagnosed as Russian influenza. It is not endemic, but epidemic. And yet epidemics last for a few seasons, though I believe they have a tendency with time to become less severe. It is quite possible, I think, that that may happen. That is the X of the equation. Until that disease diminishes in strength, and until we have got some method of vaccination that will render the body immune, I feel it may be with us for a little time yet, and as long as it is you will have the risk of the temperature continuing with tendencies to rise and fall.

There are so many unknown quantities yet to be discovered in the constitution of the body with

which we have to deal that I am afraid many years must elapse before we reach the solution of some of the problems that are troubling us most. We want a Harvey in our world who can find out the mysteries of the cyclic ebb and flow of unemployment. There is room for very good work there. I do not think myself surgery is needed as much as the other branch of the profession. There are people in politics who are always willing to resort to the knife. They would operate on the House of Lords and remove it like an appendix. It is only fair to remember, even if we do have men a little too ready to use the knife, we also have, on the other extreme, quacks and charlatans who seek to heal the sick by magical formulas, which they call slogans. It is exactly the same way in which I believe the Romans used to try to set fractures by reciting meaningless and unnecessary verses over the broken bones. One other thing I would say with bated breath. Physicians, like politicians, sometimes have trouble with those members of their honourable calling who will not, or constitutionally cannot, keep out of the Press. It is a malady that breaks out in the most unexpected quarters, and a rash that appears on the most unsuspected person.

You have one great advantage over me. You do sometimes get emoluments that are appropriate to the confidence reposed in you by the public, but I do not. If any politician did, his salary would

vary with the seasons of the year. Just after the General Strike I would have had a remuneration that would satisfy even me, but possibly now it would be a much more modest amount. What it might be next year I would hardly like to prophesy.

I have a very profound respect for the medical profession, as I have for all their work. I think perhaps the medical profession, if it has one special claim to greatness, is that it is a profession above all others in which more is freely given to the people of this country out of the largeness of your hearts, wisdom and experience than in any other profession in the world. The number in this land who rise up and call you blessed is beyond all enumeration. That is the great difference between us, and there is the great advantage to you. We can never see the result of our work which we hope for. We can do nothing but lay foundations and try to teach the people. If human experience goes for anything the foundations will here and there exhibit cracks and not all will listen to our preaching. But we do our work to the best of our ability in our generation, although the land we would see will always remain as hills that are very far off.

LISTER

Speech delivered on the Occasion of the Lister Centenary Celebrations
5th April 1927

To-day the boundaries of all the nations are broken down in this hall. It is only fifty years ago that Joseph Lister came to London to convert his own people. It was two years after that before he had obtained that recognition here which subsequently was lavished upon him, that at an international congress in Amsterdam he was greeted by his colleagues in his own profession from all over Europe in words uttered by the chairman which we may well recall to mind to-day: "Professor Lister, it is not only our admiration which we offer you; it is our gratitude, and that of the nations to which we belong." Those words found their echo years afterwards, not from the lips of an Englishman, but from the lips of a great American, showing how world-wide was his constituency. At a dinner of the Royal Society, that great Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, in proposing Lister's health, said: "My lord, it is not a profession, it is not a nation, it is humanity itself which with uncovered head salutes you."

I cannot think that such a gathering as this would have been possible had it not been that in Lister you have all the complementary parts that go to make the man of real greatness. You come here to greet the memory of the great master workman in his own craft, the man who pursued his science empirically, and who also, by applying the newly discovered knowledge of his age to practical problems and by devoting years of his life to that pursuit, brought more relief, more comfort to the human race than almost any man who has ever lived. But you have the other side—the man himself. To that I think it is allowable for a statesman to pay his tribute as much as for those of his own profession, because in him there were those things that we most admire when we see humanity raised to its highest point. There were the wonderful simplicity and integrity of his nature—a man truth-loving, truth-seeking and truth-living, gentle, and filled with charity and self-devotion, a man with never a mean thought. And these things we have allied to supremacy in his own work. I would say no more than this, that no more fitting words could have been used of him than the words which were sung at the great memorial service in Westminster Abbey fifteen years ago, to the music of one who, himself, brought the nations together, the great Handel, who might be called both German and Englishman. The words are these: "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the

eye saw him it gave witness of him ; he delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. Kindness, meekness and comfort were in his tongue. If there was any virtue, and if there was any praise, he thought on those things. His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore."

AMONG SCIENTISTS

Speech delivered at the
Dinner of the Royal Society
30th November 1927

I HAVE coveted some honours during my life and received them. I never coveted this honour, because it never seemed one that could possibly fall to my lot. You have had poets as members of the Royal Society in the old days, and you will remember that when the Blessed Damozel leaned out from the gold bar of Heaven it was many days before a look of wonder left her face. That look of wonder has not left mine yet.

All my life I have looked on the Royal Society with the feeling of awe and wonder which is common to my fellow-countrymen outside your bounds. As a layman, and one profoundly ignorant, I think much of the respect in which you are held comes from the nature of the subjects which you study and the obscurity of the language in which you write about them. I remember some years ago talking to Sir Joseph Larmor in his library at St. John's. I am fond of books, and looked over his, and having done so I said to him, " There is not a single book on all these shelves of which I can understand a

single word"; and Sir Joseph replied, "Probably not."

I have a still earlier recollection, when I was a small boy, of my father and his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Poynter—neither of them without culture of a certain kind—going with a friend to hear a paper read at the Royal Society. If my memory serves me right it was read by Lord Rayleigh. The subject of that paper was "Super-oscillatory Curves." What I remember about it mainly is that neither my father nor Sir Edward Poynter understood a word from beginning to end, and that no less distinguished a man than Professor Huxley was in the same galley. At the end he drew on a blackboard in the room a picture of a Lifeguardsman in the shell jacket, then fashionable in the army, bending over and kissing a tiny girl, and underneath he wrote the words "a super-osculatory curve."

I do not know why you want a politician in your midst. We live in different worlds. You deal with suns, stars, atoms and electrons, and I with rates and taxes. With you space and time are merely appearances, but with me they are grim realities. You are a priesthood and worship truth; I belong to a sect. You employ a hypothesis as far as it will carry you. When it is unserviceable, you discard it and find a new one. If we discard our hypothesis we are not said to be pushing forward the bounds of knowledge; we are called rats.

You keep silence until you know the truth. That

would impose a great strain on us. When you have found the truth you try to describe it in a few words. Our constituents grade us according to the number of columns of Hansard we produce, and if we keep silence we render ourselves liable to a vote of censure.

We make perorations, and so do you, and I prefer yours to mine. I have culled this example from the works of my friend Professor Eddington :

" I should have liked to have closed these lectures by leading up to some great climax. But perhaps it is more in accordance with the true conditions of scientific progress that they should fizzle out with a glimpse of the obscurity which marks the frontiers of present knowledge. I do not apologize for the lameness of the conclusion, for it is not a conclusion. I wish I could feel confident that it is even a beginning."

That is what I often feel and never dare say so.

I remember that Ignatius Loyola was moved to the foundation of that great society by meditating on the words, " What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? " We who are in politics say : " What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his seat ? " And I do not think we are likely to have a Loyola among us. I am one of those politicians—I do not know if there be many—who has a profound distrust of rhetoric—I have never practised it—but who prefers to lower the temperature of political

life by very often putting his thoughts into a refrigerator.

There are some subjects on which perhaps I have a little knowledge. I know something of the nature of the different kinds of gases. I believe you describe the heat of a gas as chiefly the energy of motion of its particles. It is that which gives a gas its expansive force. If the heat is excessive odd things happen. I understand that true balance depends not only on the question of temperature, but also on the number of particles which I believe you call density. Temperature and density are things I am brought up against every day of my life. If at any time I can render your Society any service in that direction I will put my knowledge at your disposal.

You are better prophets than we are. You prophesy about the comets, the tides and eclipses. There are prophets among us to-day who foretell the result of the next general election, a bolder prophecy than any you indulge in. They also prophesy the direction of the flowing tide, but I have never yet met a politician who will express in public the prophecy of his own eclipse. They know it sometimes, but they have not that passionate desire to give expression to the truth which you have.

I am afraid from what I have said that there is a very small field in which I can help you. Then I take cheer by thinking of some of those whom you admitted to your hospitable circle before you

became so particular as to whom you do admit. I think of Evelyn and Pepys. I love to think that their first purpose was no more than the satisfaction of breathing a freer air and conversing in quiet with one another without being engaged in the passions and madness of that dismal age.

In the Pepys Library at Cambridge there is a priceless document, and one of the most romantic in the world, a small navigating map by Francis Drake with his own name upon it, and when I said to the librarian, "How did this get into Pepys's library?" he said, "John Evelyn lent it to Pepys and Pepys never would return it." Characteristic of Pepys, but I trust not characteristic of the Royal Society.

I feel some comfort in reflecting that Ministers and Judges, with whom I am perhaps more akin than with scientists, have been and are now elected Fellows. With many of them, of course, their recreations, as mine are not, have been scientific. We are not all of us limited to the interests of our own professions, and you never can tell what a man will do with his spare time. I was looking only to-day in the new volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and found, to my delight, that a most distinguished civil servant who devoted his life to designing battleships spent his spare time in composing hymns for a Baptist chapel—and I find also that a rector of a country parish was adviser to the War Office on the science of artillery.

I wish I was comparable to them. My recreation is and will be merely books and so I was rejoiced to find that you are producing books at a great rate. But when I understood you are gradually cataloguing the output of scientific papers throughout the world, and that you have already catalogued some three millions I almost began to wish we could return to the days when books were written by hand.

We cannot put the clock back. We cannot put it back particularly in science, and Governments have at last, I think, begun to realise what science is doing, and can do, not only for this country, but for the whole world. In recent years agricultural, medical and industrial research have been fostered by the Government, and certainly in the case of most of that research the Government has looked to you for the help that you can give better than anyone else, and which you have given freely.

I think the Government of this country owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Fellows of this Society for the lavish and unsparing work they have so freely and willingly given in the public interest. The Royal Society is really the scientific conscience of the whole country, and it is fitting that they should have the administration of Government grants for the purpose of individual research, and that the touch between the two—the Government and the Royal Society—should be as close as possible. I am sure you will all agree with me

that no Government could be more fortunate than the present in this, that the Minister responsible to Parliament for State assistance for medical and industrial science is the Lord President of the Council, Lord Balfour. He is not only a distinguished and learned member of this and many other societies, but he is at the same time the most youthful and the most honoured of the Elder Statesmen of England.

You may think, perhaps, that on an occasion like this I am treating the subject-matter of my speech with mere levity, and yet you will remember the story of the little juggler who had nothing to offer to his Madonna except his own skill in tumbling, and he turned somersaults before her, not out of any spirit of levity but because it was all he had to offer, and the Madonna smiled upon him. I am unable to talk to you in your language. I merely speak the common English, and in that tongue I thank you once more, from my heart, for this very great honour you have done to me.

PART VI

MAINLY PERSONAL

WORCESTERSHIRE

Speech delivered at the Inaugural Banquet of the Worcestershire Association
22nd February 1927

In conversation with the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a man of wide culture and generous sympathies—he observed to me that all he knew about Worcestershire was that it produced sauce. He was evidently unaware that Hardicanute sent his taxgatherers to Worcester and we murdered them. I feel that after that conversation with him there are one or two things connected with our county that it would be good that the outside world should know. Worcester for centuries was a noble state in England on the lines of communication both in trade and in war with Wales, and owing to this fact she was visited by arms and by kings throughout the Middle Ages perhaps more than any other town of her size in England. And what have not Worcestershire men seen in the procession of the ages? I seem to see long years ago when they brought King John to Worcester, and in clouds of wax and incense laid him to rest by the High Altar there, a stranger to Worcester, but buried by his own desire where he might pluck at the skirts of a Worcester

man in the only hope he ever had of getting to Paradise. And before his name was forgotten—and it happened to be on my birthday—an army under Simon de Montfort marched across Sir Francis Davies' land, crossed Severn and laid down their lives in defence of a great principle, and Simon de Montfort in his death—as men so often do in their death what they fail to accomplish in their lives—planted the seeds of constitutional liberty in this country, and when the victor Edward came to the throne the country never went back to the bad days of the Norman kings.

Little more than a generation after that a very different man from Montfort, William Langland, lay on the slopes of Malvern Hills looking over the vast expanse of forest, and wrote *Piers Plowman*, and so handed down the ages, in contradistinction to Froissart's history of the chivalry of that age, the history of our common people, and we learn from him of their patience and their sufferings, and their virtues and their faults. Little more than a century after that, on the field of Tewkesbury, only just outside our borders, the death knell of the Plantagenet nobility was sounded, and that age came to a close in blood and in fire, and a new dawn arose over England. Then let me take you back a few short years to my part of Worcestershire, to the day when the two princes came from Ludlow Castle to their Uncle Richard : I can imagine their excitement on coming to Bewdley and going from

Worcester to London to see the sights of that great city. We all know that they never returned from that visit. Happier, indeed, was the lot of Prince Arthur. He died an honoured death, and was borne through various parts of our county and laid to rest with pomp and state in our cathedral. Over his body was raised one of the most beautiful shrines in this country. It abides to this day.

It is nearly three hundred years ago that Comus was first performed in Ludlow Castle, and I have little doubt in my own mind that the nymphs and sprites in Comus were to be found in Wyre Forest, coming up from Severn. I have often thought that Milton himself must have passed through that country from the description which he gives. Before those who took part in that masque had passed away the fire of civil war ran across the country, and Worcester was the first city which declared openly for the King. The battle was fought there, and stragglers of the beaten army trailed across Ombersley and Hartlebury, across the commons which lie there; and the people of Bewdley came out on Stagborrow Hill and watched the remains of that army in flight towards Staffordshire, when Charles went to Boscobel and hid, as we all know, in the oak. After that there was peace in our land, and in the eighteenth century we entered upon what was probably the most comfortable and the happiest and most peaceable time that ever occurred in history—the second quarter of the

eighteenth century. What character of that day is better known, what character better loved, than Sir Roger de Coverley, a Worcestershire man ? He was unquestionably the first gentleman of his age, as we possess the first gentleman to-day in Lord Coventry.

I should like to think that as we run through the centuries, though much has changed, in parts little has changed. The country passed from forest to arable ; the arable passed to tillage in strips to the hedgerows that we now know, but there has abided through all times two features, the Forest of Wyre and the Severn Valley. Nothing has altered them and nothing can. In the valley no plough has ever been. From the earliest time, men have tended there their cattle and their sheep, and that swift turbid stream has rolled on from the beginning of history, beautiful, but treacherous to strangers—Sabrina, as the poet called her, guilty of maiden's death. There she has always been, and there she will always be. Yet to those who were born in that valley, and to many of us whose people have lived in that valley, and hope to die in that valley, the river represents the heart and core of all that we love. It is an unchanging countryside. There is a field near me at home more than a mile long, curving through woods down to the river, which I never enter without feeling that I have stepped back into the days of Chaucer. It would never surprise me to meet his pilgrims ambling on their palfries over the greensward.

To-day, to us exiles, thoughts of Worcestershire in spring pluck at our very heart-strings. We who are confined to London see the verdure of the Evesham Gardens, the blossom of the Pershore plum. We see the cherry orchards from Bewdley to Tenbury. We see pear and apple blossom everywhere, and we can smell the hopyards in the autumn.

In London I am but a bird of passage. I own no house, I am not a tenant: I just live in a house from which I can be ejected any moment without compensation. From it I can see the Horseguards Parade, which reminds me of the General Strike; the Foreign Office, which reminds me of troubles in China and Mr. Chen; the India Office, which reminds me of Lord Birkenhead and the Swarajists; the War Office and the Admiralty, which remind me of Estimates. And then I think of what I can see from my own garden in the most beautiful view in all England. I see the hills known to all of you, beginning in the north-east, the Clent; and beyond, in Warwickshire, Edgehill, where the English squire passed with horse and hounds between the two armies; Bredon, the beginning of the Cotswolds, like a cameo against the sky, and the wonderful straight blue line of the Malverns, little shapes of Ankerdine and Berrow Hill, and, perhaps most beautiful and graceful, his two neighbours, Woodbury and Abberley; and Clee Hills, opening up another beautiful and romantic world and presenting a circle of beauty

which I defy any part of England to match. These are our own possessions. There is no need among ourselves to tell of them : they lie in our hearts, and I think possibly one of the reasons that we love them so much is that so little is known of them outside our own county.

What shall I say of our people ? Steadfast and loyal ; steadfast as the Colonel of the Second Battalion's telegram from Ypres said of the men of Gheluvelt. We are a silent people among strangers. We are suspicious among strangers. We do not contradict people. We are not litigious, and when folks talk about the garden of England being in Kent we never say anything. There is no need, because we know that there is but one garden, and that we live in it. Because we are uncommunicative people sometimes think we are stupid. But they are making a great mistake, and I would remind you of this—and particularly Worcester people—there never was but one female pensioner in Chelsea Hospital, and she was a Worcester woman. She had a shilling a day for being wounded at Pondicherry, and served four years in the ranks of a line regiment without anyone discovering she was a woman. We are gifted with apt speech among ourselves. One of the tragedies of progress to me is the way in which apt and racy speech of the old England is disappearing under the process of what for want of a better name we call education. There is nothing more remarkable (and I should like some

time to address some observations on that subject) than the amazing gift of the people of England to express themselves, until they are taught to speak a jargon that expresses nothing. One day on my walks in Wyre Forest I met an old woman, who accosted me with this salutation—a salutation that sounds to me Elizabethan, and that I defy any modern educationalist to improve: "May God, good-will and good neighbourhood be your company." Think what education could do to that! Those of us who are wealthy can send our sons to expensive private schools for four years, and then perhaps for five or six years to Eton, and we can finish up with four years at Christ Church. Think our son will say that to us? No, he will say, probably, "Pip-pip, Toodle-oo." For literature, I take my stand every day by the side of the illiterate, and I say to all of you, "May God, good-will and good neighbourhood be your company."

BOOKS

Speech delivered at the Dinner of the English Association 28th October 1927

My first duty to-night, as President of this Association, is to apologise to it—though it failed in an apology to me—for not having written for it the customary address of the President. I don't think that any Association ought to ask the Prime Minister to write any address. I am quite clear that no Prime Minister ought to accept the invitation. I did it, and I have failed you. I do not think I need waste any time in explaining to you the impossibility in these days of anyone holding my office being able to give the time that is necessary to write such an address as would be worthy of presentation before such a body. I had hoped to have attempted it this summer when I returned from Canada after nearly two years' work with no holiday—for I cannot count the short time I was away from London last year as a holiday. I was too tired to sit down to do the necessary thinking for such a piece of work. It would have been quite easy to have produced something ; I felt that was not treating you with the respect that was due to

you from your President, and I must content myself, having made my apology, by offering such observations to-night as occur to me.

It is no easy task to stand up before a gathering of this kind, so representative and knowing so much more than I do, but there is one bond between us. We are all lovers of our own tongue and our own literature, or we should not be here. However humble the lover may be, surely that bond is sufficient to bind you to him who speaks to you at the moment, and to unite us in that common love.

Now it struck me in the presence of so many who are much younger than I, that I might make an apology for us older people, like Lord Ernle and myself, and many another, and ask you to remember that, after all, we have not been able to share many of the advantages which have fallen to you. If we throw our minds back to our childhood—that most impressionable time—and we ask ourselves what it was then that moved us and how we first began to forge those links that have gone on being strengthened throughout our lives, you must remember that we had not the advantage of reading one single word of any author who is alive to-day.

I can look back through the ages to a small boy. I can see him far away in Worcestershire, reading all day in that most comfortable attitude, lying on his stomach on the hearthrug in front of the fire. He was brought up with none of our modern conveniences, and none of what, on the *lucus a*

non lucendo principle, we call labour-saving appliances. I merely mention that in passing, because as Prime Minister I recognise there is not a single labour-saving appliance that has not doubled, trebled and quadrupled the work of a public man.

Now when I look back on those far distant years I think I can recognise my own good fortune, which may have been shared by many here. I was left to myself to find my own provender in the library. If you do that with a child, he will always take the nourishment that is suitable to him, just as when you look over a meadow over which cattle are grazed you will find certain grasses are taken and certain are rejected. You may depend on it that the cow knows what is suitable to her own health. It is the same with the child. You may leave the child with perfect safety in any library you like, and if that child has a natural turn for books he will take the right sustenance and thrive on it.

The first sustenance I had was Scott. I was left alone in the country sometimes for long periods with an aunt who was fond of being read aloud to; and I read aloud to her, by the time I was nine years of age, the whole of *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, *Red Gauntlet*, *Rob Roy*, *The Pirate*, and *Old Mortality*. I owed to Scott my first introduction to poetry. I was not a great reader of poetry as a small boy. That came later; but I lived for a time in those early days on "The Lay" and on "Marmion," and I

can see myself now striding along the country lanes and reciting long passages, and I remember a line that seemed so to strike my youthful imagination that I used to repeat it over and over again, and it was "William of Deloraine, good at need." It is an extraordinary thing that, to any child that has been brought up amongst books for years, the people you live with and know in books are far more real than the phantasmagoria of the world and, as life goes on, the words, the phrases, the sentences, come back to you in the most unexpected places and illuminate the darkest portions of your path.

My first introduction to history was *The Tales of a Grandfather*, and that only confirmed me in what I said in a speech some time ago, that I am convinced that the best and most readable history is that written with the strongest bias. Mark you, there is nothing old-fashioned in that.

My mother used to try to introduce me to poetry by reading to me pieces, which I wrote down at her dictation. Her selection was admirable, but she put me for years against Wordsworth because there came a line which my youthful critical mind felt was not poetry. It was this—and I submit it as a devout disciple of that great man—"The street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name." I remember now the look of wonder I turned upon her as she read that out and expected me to put it down on paper as poetry. She was more successful in introducing me to Blake, and I do not think I

ever go to the Zoo and look at the tiger but those words, which I see you all know, come back to me.

Well now, besides Scott there was an Englishman—a common or garden Englishman—that I loved more than most, and that was Bunyan. I have heard people say *The Pilgrim's Progress* is rather boring, because of its theological discussions, but there I say again that a child may be trusted to know everything that is good for it. I knew every part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* that I thought was good for me, and I never touched the theological discussions. The book itself I knew by heart. That was my first introduction to the work that the unlettered Englishman can do. It is a subject on which I have often felt that an interesting paper could be written by some person capable of doing it. Whence comes that gift of writing our language perfectly on the part of a man who has had no education, and why is it that so often education takes from him that gift of simple expression? You may see that gift throughout the story of Abraham Lincoln, though of course there must be many instances which go to the other extreme. Another book I browsed in a great deal was Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. I have a copy I remember taking with me when nine years old on a voyage to Madeira, and I am always affected on seeing one of the dirtiest little thumb marks on that book that I have ever seen on any book. I keep that privately in my library. No thumb marks

should be allowed to get loose in these days. I think perhaps all unconsciously there one laid the foundations of a love for the wonderful English that was written at that time, which perhaps was enhanced by sundry excursions into Berners's Froissart. I cannot say that I read much of him as a child, but there was a glorious volume which belonged to William Morris and was given to my mother as a girl of twelve. It was a volume of illuminations from Froissart, and from them I learned a great deal not only of mediæval history, but of the appearance of the mediæval world. Being familiar with those pictures I remember with what pleasure I read some observations of Mr. Belloc many years ago, in a delightful book he wrote on the City of Paris; he was pointing out that one of the things that would surprise us most, if we could drop back into the Middle Ages, would be to see the newness of all the buildings, all the cathedrals and castles that are so old and grey, and many in ruins, bright and shining white. These Froissart pictures showed the buildings of many a castle and church with the masons at work on them; and towns, around which the armies sat in siege, were not then old and grey, like the castles we see, but white and shining—and so different from anything I have noticed being built!

Then, to come to another field, I remember *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, which I still think the finest collection ever made. I knew them every one, and

my world was peopled with witches, maidens and dwarfs from them. I don't know whether it was the sure instincts of childhood, but I always felt they were the real thing, and I think what the grown-ups used to say is true, that Hans Andersen winked at the grown-ups over the heads of the children. Grimm seemed to me to be not only something that had happened, but something that might easily be happening at that moment—at any moment—in the world—even in Worcestershire. Then I think I learnt a good deal from a book I was very fond of reading when I went down to dessert with my parents at dinner—I was an only child, and I might have been indulged in that—I used to pull down the two volumes of *Hone's Every Day Book*. I don't suppose anyone has ever looked at that? I like to hear those cries of "yes." My word, I am really beginning to enjoy myself! I was merely going to observe that anyone who is not familiar with those works has never heard of the Storm at Bungay, or realised what happened in the interview between St. Dunstan and the Devil.

There are some people who can claim that, by the time they were ten, they had read the whole of Shakespeare. I hadn't. I approached Shakespeare in a very simple manner through *Lamb's Tales*, and *Lamb's Tales* I used to read with immense enjoyment. Shakespeare I only got in fragments, but I think of all the debts we owe to the Lambs

there is none greater than that for their paving the way for children to get into the heart of Shakespeare

My first touch with the classics was through Kingsley's *Heroes*, a book I think I have not seen since I was a boy. My only recollection is that it was extraordinarily good. By the way, I am only giving my own views, and do not commit the Government in any way.

I remember someone lending me a book called *Tanglewood Tales*. I don't know how or why, but I felt Kingsley had the stuff in him, and that Hawthorne hadn't. That is just the thought of a child. Now, my apprenticeship to Dickens—I reverence Dickens as in some ways the greatest genius this country ever produced—my introduction to Dickens was slow. Of *Pickwick* one heard a good deal being read aloud by the grown-ups, and there were certain bits one used to read and, even in those days, appreciate fully. When I used to ride a little pony I appreciated to the full, " ' What makes him go sideways ? ' said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle," and every year I live I ask that question with more wonder. That again would bear a digression of some minutes. The first book of his, oddly enough, which I read in those early days—although that was not till I got to a private school—was *The Tale of Two Cities*, which thrilled me to the marrow. But as I am only dwelling on the recollections of a very early date my acquaintance with Dickens must stop there ;

and I turn from him to another book of a very different kind, a book bound in very soft green leather, bearing for its frontispiece the immortal work of Dürer "Death and the Knight," and that book was *Sintram*, which I must say caught hold of my youthful imagination and held it for a long time. And from *Sintram* I think we might well fly to the Antipodes to a man who gave immense joy to my generation, and that was Captain Marryat. I think by the time I was nine I knew *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy* by heart. I was talking a minute ago to Lord Ernle about children's books. Of course, nothing varies more from generation to generation, and I think in the early and middle seventies, although we had the great joy of being introduced to *Alice*, who was then very young, plus Tenniel, we had for the most part books one's parents had known—*Sandford and Merton*, with the inevitable Mr. Barlow; *Holiday House*, *Harry and Lucy*, *Rosamund*, *Rosamund and her Terrible Charge*. I often think Cabinet Ministers are very much like Rosamund. There was another great work which came out in my childhood besides *Alice*, and I think in some ways it was the best book that came from across the Atlantic for young people. It struck a new note. It was natural and there was nothing forced in it, as always seemed to me was the case with the later works of the great man who wrote it, and that was *Tom Sawyer*. *Hucklebury Finn* followed a little later. I read it during one of

my regular visits to London with a cousin of mine, and we enjoyed it enormously. It opened up a new world to us—a world we should very much like to have joined. Then I remember dabbling in a very different kind of book, introducing me to a subject I have always been interested in, and this was comprised in two admirable volumes by Miss Byrne and Miss Jackson on Shropshire folklore and Shropshire words ; and much of the folklore was folklore which was still alive to some extent in my own neighbourhood. It is dead now, but it was alive then—I came in just at the end of it—and I don't think anyone ought to forget the books one got after consultation with one's nurse and the cook. Then I come to one or two books Lord Ernle was fond of. I was reminded of these by an article he wrote. From the cook and my nurse I heard of *The Children of the Abbey* and *The Romance of the Forest*, but when I saw that Lord Ernle had put his *imprimatur* on them as books of the times, I felt I had not lived in vain. Then there were two books of poetry. I have forgotten whom they were by. One was about a young lady who went for a walk in Cavendish Square—a name I have the greatest difficulty in pronouncing. In the other I remember one verse :

> The monkey's cheek is very bald ;
> The goat is fond of play ;
> The dog will come when he is called ;
> The cat will run away.

I know these lines were written by a woman, but I cannot remember the name, and if anyone can remember it I shall be very grateful for it before the evening is over. I have never known more literal and graphic truth than is contained in that stanza. I should just like to mention one more book a little bit outside that period, but which I got when I was about thirteen, because it was a book, I suppose, that no one ever reads now. I don't know whether it was purely a matter of temperament or partly a matter of the period that caused it to impress itself on my young mind so much, but the book was *John Inglesant*. I think whatever fault you may find in the writing of that book—and I admit critics may find many faults—yet there are two passages in it which will live. There is about half a page describing the appearance of the ghost of Strafford to King Charles, which, I think, is about as fine as anything in our language, and the whole of the passage of the ride down to Minton of John and his brother, Eustace, when Eustace is murdered by the Italian in the end. There is an atmosphere there which is unmistakable, and you have that kind of atmosphere in *The Beleaguered City*, in Jonas Chuzzlewit's Drive to Salisbury, in —to take a very different type of book—*Uncle Silas*, and in many other books. In *John Inglesant* you have it in concentrated essence, and I seldom go to bed in my room at Chequers, where there is a Tudor fireplace with the fire flickering on the

ceiling, without seeing Eustace Inglesant's body lying on the hearthrug with the knife of the Italian in him. Now all these things are woven into one's very being. There are yet two more things I want to put before you which I think must have played their part in the lives of many children who were brought up at that time, and who have preserved into their mature years a great love of their own tongue and a desire, so far as they can, to use that tongue in a worthy manner. Fifty years ago all children went to church, and they often went reluctantly, but I am convinced, looking back, that the hearing—sometimes almost unconsciously—of the superb rhythm of the English Prayer Book Sunday after Sunday, and the language of the English Bible leaves its mark on you for life. Though you may be all unable to speak with these tongues, yet they do make you immune from rubbish in a way that nothing else does, and they enable you naturally and automatically to sort out the best from the second best and the third best; and the other great advantage to us who lived in the country in those days was that we were brought up among the country people, and we moved in and out on terms of perfect equality among the old country people of England. No one who has not done that can realise what the power of expression and speech is amongst those people, whom—and now I am going to use a beastly word—the *intelligentsia* would call illiterate. If we in our part of

the world, the lineal descendants of Shakespeare, could have spoken our tongue to him, he would have understood it, and he would have heard more power of concentrated discussion among our folk than, I think, is represented in ninety-five per cent. of the books written by educated and intellectual people. I do not think that anything in my education, using the word in its widest sense, has stood me in better stead in after life than that close heart-to-heart knowledge that I had of our own common people. And perhaps one or two more words and I have finished. One got much, I think, from the talk of the grown-ups when one was fortunate enough to live with grown-ups who lived with books. Through that talk one was introduced, without knowing it, to all the best people in the best sense of the word. It seemed perfectly natural to look on as friends and to take on the friends of one's parents, and in that way one came on naturally and gradually into " Bozzie " and into Lamb, of whom my mother and her sisters never spoke unless as " Dear Lamb " with a sort of wistful look as of a friend they had buried only four or five years ago. I did not then associate the name of *Elia* on the back of a book with a book of Lamb. I took him on as a friend of my mother's, and it was the same with Thackeray, Trollope, Jane Austen—God bless her ! And it was the same with Borrow, whom then I could not read, but in whose names I revelled—the name of Petulengro—what a name !

We had the real Romanies on the common near us, and I remember going with John Kipling into a Romanies' camp when he was anxious to find out whether his Hindustani would carry him far with the Romany. And there was another friend that I gained in this way, whom my dear friend Mackail mentions in *Morris' Life*, where he refers to Jorrocks. I came to him later, but again, like Dickens, I am always meeting his friends. It is always a pleasure to me to meet him. I am never asked out to dinner when I go to the country without writing : " Where I dines I sleeps." I walk every morning in the park, and when I wander at the beginning of winter up to the Victoria Gate and see that the dahlias have caught the frost, I say : " Blister my kidneys, I see the dahlias has fruz." What I feel in the life I lead is this : I think of those words, " I have sought for peace and I have never found it save in a nook with a book." And back to the nook some time I go. I do not know whether physical conditions will allow me to enjoy my reading as a child ; whether I can balance myself on the hearthrug as I did when a child, time alone will show. But that I hope to do before I die, and then I have no higher ambition than that of my cousin, Rudyard Kipling. If the first people to greet me in the next world should be good Sir Walter and Jane—and may I just add a little Schubert music ?—who so happy as I, provided always that afterwards I may be allowed to sit in a corner for a real good talk with Mrs. Gamp ?

CRICKET

Speech delivered at the Luncheon given to the Australian Cricket Team 20th April 1926

THE message from the Prince of Wales reminded me of a circumstance which I am quite sure is unfamiliar even to Mr. Warner and Sir James Barrie—that is, that the Prince of Wales once captained an England eleven and was beaten. But that was two hundred years ago.

I find it difficult to express to the Australian team what their visit means to old men like myself, who, though no great performers, have followed with the keenest interest from the days of early childhood the performances of the giants of cricket right across the world. To us the mere word "Australia" smacks of romance, and we think of our childhood and those great names upon which we were brought up, and we seem to see once more the demon bowler at work—the great Spofforth, who is still living among us in London. We have here my old friend Sir Kynaston Studd, who tells me that his body is still scarred with bruises received from that giant arm.

We all of us think of the names of these, some of

whom are still with us, but some, alas ! have passed over—those great bowlers, Charlie Turner, Hughie Trumble and Ernest Jones. We seem to see once more Victor Trumper and Clem Hill. There is George Giffen, and, perhaps above all, those two romantic figures, one of whom is here still living, the great Blackham, who taught every wicket-keeper in the world how to stand up to fast bowling without a longstop, and one no longer with us, the admiration of everyone in England on the field, Bonner, whose throwing in from the country was a thing that no man who saw it ever could forget. I tell this team that if such giants as these I have named are with them to-day, and I gather they are, we shall have to look out for our laurels.

But this game of cricket, the nursery of which was the villages of England, has cast its seed across the ocean, and nowhere has a mightier tree grown from that seed than in Australia. There is nothing that has been imported from this country that has flourished there like cricket. The only remarkable thing to my mind is that the other great English export from this country, which though it has flourished so much in Australia, yet has been kept out of a team, I know not by what means, is rabbits.

In these few words of mine, wishing to welcome the Australians, I want to say a word of cheer to Mr. Warner. I want to ask him not to allow his nerves to be unduly rattled by the Press barrage under which our opponents are advancing to fight

us. I can assure you I have passed through these barrages unscathed. And to the Australians, I would say we offer them here to-day the warmest welcome; we hope the weather will be good, and we hope the games will be played out. There are two matches in this country which perhaps occupy a peculiar position for those who are directly interested in them—the Oxford and Cambridge and the Eton and Harrow. It was on the morning of the Oxford and Cambridge match that my younger son, as I had been to Cambridge, said to me, " Don't let us have any of that nonsense to-day about letting the best side win." But in every match the Australians are going to play, I say it from my heart, let us have the finest cricket, and let the best side win.

LORD'S : THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH

Introduction to Sir Home Gordon's Book
"Eton v. Harrow at Lord's."

THIS book, which we owe to the pious enthusiasm of Sir Home Gordon, will be a stimulus to the young, while in the hearts of the old (by whom I mean all who have left school) it will stir a thousand memories and emotions.

In earliest boyhood Lord's was the culmination of the secular year, and by Lord's was meant the Eton and Harrow match. The ground itself was maintained for the sacred rite whose celebration was due on the second Friday and Saturday of July. London existed as a temporary home for parents, uncles and aunts who supplied the necessary accommodation for the pilgrims who flocked to their Mecca. How clean were our collars, how shiny our hats and boots as we climbed into the family barouche, or with a greater sense of freedom and less responsibility into the friendly hansom, and formed one of that endless stream of jingling bells and trotting hoofs that surged along the Via Sacra that borders Regent's Park. In those days the greater portion of the ground was ringed with carriages, and how proud we were if we had a box-

seat for our own grand stand, shared with sympathetic company. There we sat, oblivious to grown-ups below us, feeling that Lord's belonged to us and we to Lord's, till the freshness of the morning wore into sultry afternoon and afternoon lingered till the shadows of the fieldsmen lengthened and the last ball of the day was bowled.

It was my good fortune to be at a private school which had the admirable custom of granting long leave for the match, and so it was that I was an habitué of Lord's before I went to Harrow. In those early years I saw Ronnie McNeill hit into the old pavilion, and M. C. Kemp seize the middle stump and wave it in triumph as the last Eton wicket fell; I watched the great Percy Paravicini, who had been captain of my own school eleven before he went to Eton, bowling with the skill and judgment of a veteran; two years later I saw with terrified admiration Frank Marchant's leg hitting when the thunderstorm broke and the match was drawn; yet again two years sped, and I sat enthralled during that wonderful hour in which Ted Butler led his side to victory within two minutes of seven o'clock. I remember the little gold bat which I. D. Walker gave him to wear on his watch chain, and I regarded it with an awe that I have never since felt for any emblem, order or relic.

For many years pressure of work kept me away and I came back to a changed Lord's, where new stands had crowded out the carriages and coaches,

the remnants of which were soon to be laid by or broken up to make room for the motor-car. At that time Fowler's year stands out, and it was some comfort to my soul to know that he learnt his cricket from Edward Hawtrey, best and kindest of schoolmasters, most competent and patient of coaches.

And so the years pass: Lord's changes but Lord's remains. From the genial hubbub to the hush that can be felt, the hush in which no sound is heard but the intaken breath, the patter of the bowler's feet to the crease, the ball against the bat, how unchanging is each phase of the ever-changing game! There we still may meet old friends, from home and from all corners of the earth; there is the game we have all played with varying success but whose spirit still inspires us; there are the boys, eternal, and with them, never to be forgotten, the little sisters, eager and partisan, most loyal of comrades in weal and woe.

If Sir Home Gordon should ask me to express one wish to the readers of this book I should say, "Let us meet at Lord's."

FLY FISHING

Speech delivered at the Annual Dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club 24th February 1927

YOUR chairman was good enough to say that I knew nothing about fishing, and I welcome that as an excuse for any solecisms which I may commit, but I do know one or two things about it. I know that it has always been called the gentle art, very much, I should think, on the lines of *lucus a non lucendo*. Well, gentleness implies a kindliness. But I know more about fishermen than I do about fishing. I have seen them at work. I have seen them at times, from the man on his noble river in Scotland to the thousands of artisans from Birmingham, each perched on a bucket, equidistant for several miles down Severn; and I have seen them subscribe for the prize which would go to the greatest catch.

I may also say that a Prime Minister is the recipient of more confidences than any man in the country. It is a sport that produces practice according to a man's opportunities, and the enthusiasts come from every rank of life; and the mere fact that a man is a fisherman, whether it is on the Ony, the Teme or Severn,

all these men are brothers ; that is a very wonderful thing. Another wonderful thing is the way in which that sport is innate in Birmingham people. You get them in London and in Birmingham, and I dare say in many other large towns. They may be born in a mean street, educated in a national school, and perhaps have seen no water as children, except on the lakes in the local parks, yet there is a spirit in those men that drives them out to the rivers.

Perhaps on a Saturday, perhaps on a Sunday, they get up early and spend their savings on cheap train fares, and away they go to some place in the country to which their instinct has led them, and there they will sit all day encouraged by the spirit of eternal hope—and whatever their fate may be they return to their work cleansed, purified, purged and possessing great happiness. What that spirit may be I know not. It may be that they are obeying the power of the love of the country, and that it is that which drives them out in so many forms. That love is seen in the flowers that they keep in the dismal little pots inside their tiny rooms ; or it may be some atavistic influence that sends them out as the first man must have gone out fishing, but under whatever conditions it exists it is all to the good. Though your guests may not be fishermen, yet here is one great bond between us all here to-night, or we should not be here, and that I think is this, love of the open air and the open spaces.

There comes to my mind the beautiful lines which I am sure you all know :

> In Valleys of Springs of Rivers
> By Ony and Teme and Clun,
> The country for easy livers,
> The quietest under the sun.

That is all we want ; it is such little things we want to make with pleasant livers and all around us a peace and quiet, and it is just what so few of us can get. We have certain points of contact, fishermen and politicians : a politician lives by faith ; you live by hope. If hope dies within your breast, because of your achievement, then perhaps your sport would be gone ; but in the case of the politician, if the things in which he has faith and which he believes will come to pass some day did actually come to pass, he would lie down and die with astonishment. So let us cling, each of us in our vocations, to our faith and to our hope, and I would only make one more observation, because if there be one thing more odious than another it is a long speech after dinner. I shall only say this, and in saying it I would paraphrase the last words of Socrates which Mr. Justice Tomlin, whom I see sitting there, and I used to construe together in the Sixth Form at Harrow, and I would say : " Now is the time to go our ways," you to catch fish, and I to catch men ; which is the better, God alone knows.

THE LONELIEST JOB

Speech delivered at Worcester,
8th January 1927

Now at a meeting of this kind—we only meet now about once a year—I have often told you what a great help it is to me in my task to feel that whatever happens in one's work, whatever ups and downs occur in one's life, one is always sure of a fair judgment in one's own country, and of the best being attributed to one's motives and the kindliest excuses made for one's failures.

I would like to tell you just a little bit about the work of a Prime Minister. It is the loneliest job in the world, and for this reason : a Prime Minister cannot share his ultimate responsibilities. He is in the position of the captain on the bridge of a ship : he must try to look far ahead, with much knowledge that is hidden from most of the people in this country. Whether he has done his work well or ill, it is impossible for any ephemeral criticism to say.

Time alone can be the judge of his work, because it is not until the work of his Government stands out clearly on the page of history in relation to the history which led to the formation of the Govern-

ment and subsequent history, that men can form a sound opinion as to whether the judgment taken at this crisis or that was the right judgment or not.

And that is why a Prime Minister, above all other things, must possess his soul in patience, and must harden himself to be indifferent to daily criticism. But it very often happens that an action regarded as foolish at the moment may prove to have been a wise one, two or three years later, and the reverse may be true. But, above all, as I have said before, it is patience that is the first requisite.

Mr. Pitt, who had a longer experience in the office of Prime Minister than any other Englishman in the last century and a half, put patience first among all the virtues, the needful virtues, of a Prime Minister. It is in the position of Prime Minister that you see not only the folly that goes on at home, but folly wherever it arises. It is heard in every corner of the world. London is like the centre of a giant spider's web, and there is never a silly speech made from Kamschatka to Patagonia that you do not see some little vibration going down one of the filaments of that web, and perhaps causing trouble, perhaps causing struggles, perhaps bloodshed, at some place ten thousand miles away.

And it is those unseen burdens that have constantly to be borne by those who are responsible for the government of the country and of the world to-day. Those are the burdens that nothing can lift, but they can be eased, and eased indeed they are in my

own case, by your generosity and by the affection which you have always given me, and of which I am conscious every day.

When I do my work in London hardly a day goes by, whether it be in Downing Street or whether it be while sitting in Parliament, that I cannot see in the vision of my mind the hills of Malvern, and Abberley and Wŏodbury, the Teme Valley and the Shropshire border, and the Cathedral in Worcester. They are always here, still and constant, and I know that the people who dwell round them remain constant, too.

All through one is sustained by the thought that when the time comes when one is no longer able to give the whole of one's strength and power to one's work, and one is able to come back once more to Worcestershire, then I know that however my career may be judged by the world at large, however it may be judged in other parts of England, when I come home I shall find nothing but what I have found here all my life—constant friendship and constant affection from the people among whom I was born.

DATE DUE

Baldwin
Our inheritance